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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURES

Culver City, Calif.

"LADY OF THE CAMELLIAS"

== Script Fly.com ==

Screen Play by
Zoe Akins

Script okayed by
Mr. Thalberg

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"THE LADY OF THE CAMELLIAS"

1

FADE IN:

EARLY EVENING - AUTUMN 1846 - PARIS

CLOSE SHOT - of a bouquet of camellias.

DRAW CAMERA BACK to show them in the hand of Madame Barjon, who stands in front of her flower shop, beside a small elegant brougham which is waiting at the curb.

Madam Barjon

(as she curtsies to someone inside the brougham)

For the lady of the camellias! And these are almost twice as large as usual.

A white gloved hand takes the bouquet, and Marguerite Gautier leans forward. She is a young woman, superbly dressed for the evening.

Marguerite

Then I must have twice as many as usual -- tomorrow --

Her companion, Madame Prudence Duvernoy, a woman of fifty, also dressed for the evening, but with more extravagance than elegance, leans forward and shouts at Mme. Barjon.

Prudence

Twice as many -- I Don't listen to her, Madame Barjon! I know what those things cost!

Marguerite laughs.

Mme. Barjon

(with some asperity; slyly)

Aren't you willing to listen to her when she orders hats and dresses from you?

Prudence

But they're an investment --

Marguerite

Do hush, both of you. Of course I buy too many flowers and too many hats and dresses -- and too many everything; but I want them.

(to the footman)

Now, to the theatre.

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INTERIOR OF MOVING CARRIAGE
TWO SHOT -- PRUDENCE AND MARGUERITE

Prudence
Listen, you -- while I talk to you like a mother --

Marguerite (slyly)
What sort of mother?

Prudence gives her a sharp offended look,
then continues as if she had not heard.

Prudence
You've just been ill; the doctors have taken all
your money; you're in debt; there's no limit to
your extravagance. You know you won't be young
forever; and it's high time you settled something
about your future?

Marguerite
(reluctantly, but with the smile of a
person who knows and accepts her fate)
Well, you are not my mother, Prudence; but you
mean well....And of course, you are right...

Prudence
I'm glad you realize that, I know the very man
for you..

Marguerite (indifferently)
Really?

Prudence
Yes, really.
(Marguerite smiles indulgently)

Prudence (impatiently)
Well, aren't you even interested enough to want
to know who he is?

Marguerite (with the same
indulgent carelessness)
Of course. Tell me.

Prudence (proudly)
He's the Baron de Varville; one of the richest and
most elegant gentlemen in Paris!

Marguerite (with a little shrug)
But with one foot in the grave I suppose, and a
wig on his head.

Prudence
Not at all, not at all! On the contrary, he's
young and handsome. And I heard from one of the
girls in my shop who heard from his valet that
he'll be at the theatre tonight. Now you know
why I wanted you to look your best!

DISSOLVE TO:

17

A SECTION OF THE FOYER OF A THEATRE

Baron de Varville, his hat on his head, wrapped in his long cape and swinging his stick, makes his way indifferently through the throngs loitering in the promenade.

Old Corinne, one of the ushers, hurries to him with a curtsy.

(Important line. Scene should be retaken.)

Corinne

May I show M. le Baron de Varville to his seat?

He puts a cigar in his mouth. She takes a box of huge matches from the pocket of her apron and lights one.

de Varville

(lighting his cigar from the match which she holds)

Not yet...But...

(he puts his hand into his pocket)

-- take this --

(he gives her a five-franc note)

(Also important)

Corinne

(curtseying again, very gratefully)

M'sieur is too good --

de Varville

(with a sniff of his nostrils; sardonically)

And buy yourself some perfume.

Corinne (as if struck in the face)

Oh --

She looks as if she were going to throw it at him, but his back is already turned to her, and after an instant shrewdness takes the place of anger and she pockets the money, then she turns and goes in one direction, as he disappears in another. People come and go.

17x1

SHOW ARMAND DUVAL

going towards the stairs. A man's voice calls to him, and Gaston and Charles appear a little distance behind him. During this scene the Baron de Varville saunters into the background.

Gaston's Voice

Armand Duval -- !

CONTINUED:

Armand turns and sees his friends.

Armand
Oh, hullo, Gaston, Hullo, Charles.

The three meet and stand for a moment talking.

Gaston
You seem in a hurry --

Armand
Yes. The curtain's up. I don't want to miss anything.

Gaston
My dear boy -- haven't you been in Paris long enough to know one comes here to see the audience not the show?

Charles (to Armand)
Whom are you staring at --

Armand
Marguerite Gautier -- that lady with the camellias.

Gaston (looking round and bowing)
Oh, don't you know her?

Armand
No. Though I've seen her often of course -- but not for some time.

Gaston (carelessly)
She's been ill.

Charles
(Ill or not, there's always someone paying for the privilege of standing in the back of her box.)

Gaston
(I don't wonder. She's a charming girl -- though the gait she goes would kill even me.)

Armand
(sincerely; in a voice which shows he is moved)
What a pity!

Gaston
I believe you're in love with her, yourself.

Armand (embarrassed)
That's absurd. I don't even know her.

Gaston
Do you want to?

CONTINUED:

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Optional
Cut

Armand

Very much.

Charles

Nothing's easier -- if you've a pocketful of money.

Armand

Well, I haven't. But I'd like to know her just the same.

Gaston

Why?

Armand

To set my mind at rest about her.

Gaston

I'll take you to her box --

Armand

No. Not without her permission -

Gaston

But my dear fellow, one doesn't stand on ceremony with these pretty creatures. They wouldn't appreciate it.

Armand

I've a feeling she would.

Gaston (drily)

Don't delude yourself. She's no better or worse than any of these other charming creatures who are out to improve their fortunes.

Charles

As a matter of fact, I could tell you all sorts of things about her --

Gaston

So could I.

Armand (gaily)

I should refuse to believe one of them. See you later.

He turns and leaves them, disappearing into the crowd. The Baron, too, drifts away.

CUT TO:

17x1-A

MARGUERITE AND PRUDENCE

-- now almost at the top of the stairs.
Prudence whispers to her excitedly.

CONTINUED:

Prudence
Do you see the Baron?

Marguerite
Where?

Prudence
(indicating spot where Armand was
standing near the Baron)
Over there, looking at you.

BACK TO:

17x1-B

ARMAND, CHARLES AND GASTON

Charles
As a matter of fact, I could tell you all sorts
of things about her.

Gaston (gaily)
So could I.

Armand
I should refuse to believe one of them.

CUT TO:

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17X2

MARGUERITE AND PRUDENCE

Marguerite
So he really is young and handsome?

Prudence
Didn't I tell you so. Now is the time to speak
to him.

Marguerite
That would be stupid, Prudence.

Prudence
Oh, very well, if you insist on being formal
I will send him a note.

They continue up the stairs. Prudence sees
an usher.

Prudence (to the usher)
Come here -- I want to write a note; and I'll
give you a handsome tip to get it to the right
party. Do you know the Baron de Varville?

CONTINUED:

Usher
(looking at her skeptically, with
speculation in his eyes)
Yes, Madame --

Prudence
Well then, come here --

She leads the way to the railing; fishes for a card in her bag, brings out a pencil and writes a note, while the usher stands by.

Marguerite has paused, looking very unconcerned during Prudence's scene with the usher; and now she wanders away, glancing about her, impersonally, gravely. As she walks the length of the foyer, the men she passes all have eyes for her, but few bother to take their hats from their heads. Some grin; some nod; and to some she smiles and nods back; others nudge each other, and whisper.

Two young men see her, with a certain excitement. One starts to put himself in her way, but the other jerks him back. The incident is not seen by her, as someone has stepped on her train, and she has turned to wait while he moves on. Armand returns and starts down the stairs. As she pauses by the railing he stops, turns, and seeing her, jerks his hat from his head, looking at her breathlessly. As she looks at him, Prudence bustles up to her and lays a hand on her arm.

Prudence (complacently)
Well, that's done...We go this way.

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FOLLOW PRUDENCE AND MARGUERITE

into the corridor leading to the boxes. They stop in front of a mirror to primp.

Prudence
(highly pleased with herself)
My dear, when you're as good as a baroness, don't forget I arranged it all...
(Marguerite laughs indulgently)

Marguerite
Where are we sitting?

Prudence
In Box A, of course. I always ask for Box A. The Baron can't miss it --

Turning Corinne sees Prudence hurrying towards her, followed more leisurely by Marguerite, who glances about her with a characteristically impersonal gaze of detached childlike interest.

Prudence (to Corinne)
Come, come, old girl. Don't stand there as if your wits had gone wool-gathering -- get busy, open Box A.

Corinne (resentful and familiar)
It's already open, and somebody else is in there.

Prudence
What?

Corinne
(with more respect to Marguerite)
Bon soir, Madame.
(to Prudence)
Let's see your tickets --

Prudence
Here.

Corinne
This says Box B.

Prudence
I'll give that ticket-seller a piece of my mind! I said Box A; and I supposed he gave me Box A!

Corinne (drily)
If you'd wear your spectacles, you could see what you're getting.

Prudence
None of your lip!

Marguerite (impatiently)
Oh, come -- let's not make such a fuss.

Prudence (sharply)
Who's in there?

Corinne
A friend of yours --

Suddenly Marguerite is interested. She and Prudence speak at once, with the same impulse.

Marguerite and Prudence
Olympe?

Corinne
Right!

CONTINUED:

Marguerite begins to laugh.

Marguerite
(repeating the word)
Olympe!

Prudence
Well, what's funny about it, I'd like to know!

Marguerite (laughing)
You've arranged everything! For Olympe!

Prudence
(as Marguerite steadies herself
against the wall laughing)
That cat! If you think I'll let a cheating,
lying wretch like her upset my plans, you're
wrong -- she's got to change places with us --
(she knocks on the door)

Corinne
Well, fight it out, ladies.

She goes.

At that instant, the door of the box is
opened and Olympe stands framed in the light
from the corridor. Beyond her is the dark-
ened theatre and the bright stage. She is
magnificently dressed and bejeweled. She comes
into the corridor, letting the door of the box
almost close behind her.

Olympe
(with every appearance of delight)
Marguerite - darling - !

Marguerite
Hullo, Olympe --

Prudence
(almost cooling)
Hullo, my angel. How beautiful we look tonight!

Marguerite
(sniffing)
I like your perfume. What is it?

Olympe
That's my secret --
(then to Prudence, striking
her face affectionately with
her bouquet)
And how are you -- you old robber?

CONTINUED:

19

CONTINUED (3)

Prudence

You're a great to tease, aren't you?

(then getting down to business)

Look here, Olympe; there's been some mistake about out tickets, and we want to ask you to change boxes with us.

Olympe

Why --?

CUT TO:

20

CLOSE SHOT OF DE VARVILLE

finishing his cigar. He is standing at the railing at the back of the theatre. He takes a last puff on the cigar, and drops it into a huge spittoon. At that instant the old usher to whom Prudence has given the note sidles up to him and gives him a card with a knowing grin, which shows her bare gums.

Old Woman

For M. le Baron de Varville.

He shrugs, smiles and reads. Written in a very illiterate hand is this message:

"There will be a seat in Box A for M. le Baron de Varville with a certain lady who hopes he will honor us with his presence."

The Baron, having read, hands the usher a coin.

de Varville

(almost indifferently)

Which is Box A?

Usher

There , M. le Baron; at the right.

21

LONG SHOT

showing the box empty.

22

TWO SHOT OF DE VARVILLE AND THE USHER

Usher

Does M. le Baron wish to send an answer?

de Varville (drily)

I'll wait and decide that later.

(she grins knowingly. He gives her
a ticket)

Show me to my seat.

She leads the way and he follows, taking his time, at some distance behind, to his seat on the aisle in the second row, just opposite the one Armand occupies.

The usher stands waiting, program in hand, for him to sit down. Instead, he stands taking his time to stare about him at the audience through the glass which he holds to his eye, ignoring the stage. Again he focuses his glass at last on Box A which is empty.

CUT TO:

23

GROUP SHOT -

- of Marguerite, Prudence and Olympe, still talking in the corridor outside Box A. Olympe has her hand on the door of the box.

Olympe (suspiciously)

What I can't understand is why you have to sit in this box when yours is just as good.

Marguerite (indifferently)

You know Prudence. She's a woman full of secrets. Even when she changes her corsets it's a great mystery.

(she smiles and Olympe laughs appreciatively)

Prudence (with asperity)

Well, some things have to be a mystery.

(to Olympe)

But if you'll do what I ask you to, I'll send you that fur toque for a present.

Olympe

(between curiosity, suspicion and greed)
That's a bargain. Come in, and as soon as the lights go up for the intermission, I'll move.

CONTINUED:

23

CONTINUED (2)

She opens the door, and lets them precede her into the box. Marguerite goes first and sits down, Prudence follows and sits behind her. Olympe sits by Marguerite.

24

LONG SHOT FROM BOX

showing de Varville staring at Box A through his glasses.

CUT TO:

25

STAGE

Where seven girls are singing and dancing. As the song ends, and the curtain falls,

CUT TO:

26

THE AUDIENCE

The lights go on.

De Varville stands up and looks around, as many others are doing. He puts his glass in his eye and looks at Box A again.

Armand stands up and looks round with great interest at the audience.

CUT TO:

27

BOX A

- seen from a distance.

Olympe and Marguerite sit, side by side, a contrast in beauty. Behind them Prudence is watching the door of the box.

28

CLOSE SHOT -- CLAUDE AND MARGUERITE -

Beyond them is the audience in a tumult of excitement as the curtain falls.

Olympe

My dear -- do you see that gentleman standing up?

Marguerite (ironically)

Which one?

Olympe

In the second row, on the Aisle?

Marguerite puts her opera glasses to her eyes.

29

SHOT - showing Marguerite's glasses focused on Armand.

30

SHOT - showing Olympe's glasses focused on de Varville.

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SHOT IN BOX -

Marguerite (with an undertone of interest in her voice)

Yes.... Do you know him?

Olympe

I know who he is. He's the fabulously rich de Varville. Baron de Varville.

Marguerite (unbelievably)

I did not know rich men ever looked like that.

Olympe

This one does. He's going out... He's seen us looking at him!.... He's looking at us!

CUT TO:

32

SHOT OF THE AISLE -

De Varville goes out, aware of Box A. Another man follows him. Then Armand comes next... Glancing carelessly about, he sees Box A with a start. Then his face lights up and he bows slightly, self-consciously.

33 SHOW Marguerite's glasses on Armand.

34 SHOW Olympe's on de Varville.

35 SHOW LONG SHOT of both men disappearing into
 promenade.

36 SHOW Olympe, Marguerite and Prudence in their
 box.

 Olympe
I've changed my mind, Prudence... You can keep your
fur toque. The Baron de Varville is on his way to
this box, and I intend to stay and meet him.

 Marguerite
You! But he's coming here to meet me --

 Olympe
So that's what you had up your sleeve!

 Prudence
Yes; I invited him to join us here myself.

 Olympe (gaily)
Nothing could be better. Thank you so much, dear
Prudence, for arranging it -- but having done so
much, you must really let me receive him alone.

 Marguerite (with characteristic
 irony, but smiling sweetly)
Unfortunately I like him too.

 Olympe (also smiling)
Why "unfortunately"?

 Marguerite
Because -- his eyes have made love to me, all
evening --

 Olympe
That's a lie! He barely glanced at you! I never
took my glasses from his face -- except for an in-
stant to let him see mine.

 Marguerite (teasingly)
Perhaps that was the instant he smiled at me.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED (2)

Olympe

He didn't smile at you. And he won't meet you here.

Marguerite (rising)

Then he must look for me somewhere else --

Prudence

Sit down, Marguerite. Listen, Olympe -- I appeal to your sense of honour -- if you have such a thing--

Olympe (really losing her temper)

Shut up, you dreadful old woman! And get out of here -- before I have you dragged out --

Marguerite

Come, Prudence! Come -- You really are a fool, Olympe - always losing your temper and shouting about nothing.

Olympe

You're the fool! Or you'd know Prudence is an old vulture.

Prudence

Vulture! She calls me a vulture! That one -- who'd pick a dead man's pocket!

Olympe (continuing firmly)

And I'll tell you something else -- if you don't stop being so easy-going with your money, you'll land in the gutter before you're through - or back on that farm where you came from, milking cows and cleaning out hen-houses!

Marguerite (suddenly angry)

And I'll tell you something -- cows and chickens make very much better friends than I've found in Paris!

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TRUCKING SHOT -

of Prudence and Marguerite, making their way round the promenade through the drifting crowds of men.

Prudence (pushing Marguerite ahead by the elbow as she whispers, almost breathless with vexation)

I'll send him another message -- but if you run into him -- just try for once in your life not to be such a lady. Grab him!

CONTINUED:

Marguerite

Sometimes you have very good ideas, Mamma Prudence.

Prudence

Imagine her calling me a vulture! Me! Where's an usher --

As Corinne passes, Prudence darts after her, and Marguerite continues on her way alone, walking more slowly but without any obvious loitering. As she passes, the men turn and look after her. She bows now and then, rather distantly, to one of them. Suddenly she sees Armand, but gives no sign. He follows her. She knows he is following and smiles to herself. Suddenly she stops and turns.

Marguerite

Were you following me?

Armand (between eagerness and confusion: like a schoolboy)

Yes. You -- you did smile at me a minute ago, didn't you?

Marguerite

You tell me first if you smiled at me -- or at my friend.

Armand (sincerely at a loss)

What friend?

Marguerite

Then you didn't even see her?

Armand

No.

(she laughs)

Marguerite

How nice!

Armand (properly encouraged)

I was just wondering if -- if you'd ask me to sit down, if I knocked on the door of the box.

Marguerite

Why not? We really seemed fated to meet this evening. The first time -- in the street we looked; the second we smiled; and the third, we talk -- come --

She lays her gloved hand, holding her bouquet on his arm, and they move forward together.

38

EXTERIOR BOX A

The Baron de Varville enters the SHOT and after an instant, knocks with cynical smile on the door with his gold-headed stick. At the same instant, the old woman usher who gave him the card before, enters the SHOT, hurrying.

M. le Baron -- Corrine

Come in -- Olympe's Voice

CUT TO:

39

LONG SHOT -

of a mirror set like a panel at the end of the promenade back of the boxes. Suddenly it is filled with the reflections of Marguerite and Armand, as they come into the vista, facing it. She still clings to his arm. They stop.

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CLOSE SHOT - MARGUERITE AND ARMAND

Marguerite (childishly)
Look! What a handsome pair! And how pleased with each other they look!

Armand (in a sort of happy daze)
She's like you --

Marguerite laughs suddenly, happily, loudly.

Marguerite
Oh, but -- she is me! It's us --

Armand
So it is --

Marguerite
What a fool I am! But we do look nice together, don't we?

CUT TO:

41

LONG SHOT OF BOX A

- Olympe and de Varville. Olympe's attitude is triumphant as she smiles and extends her hand to welcome de Varville.

CUT TO:

A SECTION OF THE FOYER

Corinne and Prudence have their heads together.

Corinne
It wasn't my fault. I couldn't stop the gentleman
from going where he wanted to go!

Prudence
All the same, you don't get the five francs --

Corinne
You promised --

Prudence
I promised -- if you stopped him in time.

Corinne
Very well then; run your own errands after this.
Madame Prudence!

Prudence
Wait --
(She hails Gaston who passes at that
moment, evidently looking for Armand)
Gaston Rieux! Come here, my boy --

Gaston
Hullo, Mamma Prudence --

Prudence
Hullo, dear -- lend me ten francs -- I left my
pocket-book at home.

Gaston
That pocket-book of yours is well trained.

Prudence (slapping him on his
arm with her bag)
Don't be a tease. I want to give this dear old
thing something --

Gaston
Here you are -- ten francs.

He counts the money and gives it to Prudence.

Prudence (to Gaston)
Thank you, dear.
(to Corinne)
You must take this for your trouble.

Corinne (looking at the one franc
Prudence has pressed into her hand; sourly)
I'm glad you think it was worth a franc, Madame.

CONTINUED:

42

CONTINUED (2)

Prudence (to Gaston)
You're not going to the bar, are you?

Gaston
No.

Prudence
Well, I shall take you anyhow, and let you give me
a today. Everything's gone wrong this evening --
and if I don't have one quick, I'll faint.

CUT TO:

43

SHOT OF BOX B - seen from the audience.

Marguerite leads the way, triumphantly, to
the two chairs in front, followed by Armand.
Armand helps her take off her cloak. Then
they seat themselves and she looks triumphant-
ly across at Box A, and waves her hand.

CUT TO:

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SHOT OF BOX A

Olympe, just as triumphantly, with de Varville
at her side, waves back at Marguerite.

CUT TO:

45

INTIMATE SHOT - MARGUERITE AND ARMAND

Armand
As you said, Fate must have had something to do
with this, tonight --
(then with sudden courage)
I've hoped for it so long.
(she laughs; he smiles wryly)
You don't believe me -- ?

Marguerite (also smiling)
No.

Armand (forcefully)
The first time I saw you was a year and a half ago.
You were in an open carriage -- and dressed in white.
I saw you get out and go into a shop in the Place
de la Bourse.

Marguerite (beginning to be impressed)
That might have happened.

CONTINUED:

Armand

You had on a thin dress with miles of ruffles and a big straw hat; an embroidered shawl; a single bracelet and a heavy gold chain. And some camellias at your waist.

Marguerite

You have a good memory.

Armand

The next time was at the Opera Comique. You were in a box, with a fur coat on, and Gaston, a chap whom I know and who knows you, said: "Marguerite's been ill." And that hurt me. The next time --

But she stops him with a gesture.

Marguerite

Tell me -- if all you say is true, why have you never spoken to me before?

Armand

Well, in the first place I didn't know you.

Marguerite

You didn't know me tonight.

Armand

No, but after you smiled at me, I thought you wouldn't mind.

Marguerite (cynically)

And now that you've met me?

Armand (soberly; with a little wonder)

Now I know that I'm in love with you. And have always been since that first day.

As he stares at her with speculation and a sort of wonder, and she stares back, deeply moved for the moment, the door of the box opens and Prudence and Gaston enter. Gaston is amused at seeing Armand; and they exchange nods and "Hullo's".

Prudence

Ah, my dear -- after what happened I had to have a brandy!

Gaston

And after that, two brandies.

Prudence

And after that he made me have another --

CONTINUED:

Marguerite (half indulgently, half
impetuously, resenting the interruption)
Only four. Well, go back and have another --
And then --

(as her eyes and Armand's meet,
understandingly)
-- another --

Prudence
Gracious, do you want me to get drunk?

Gaston (quickly)
She wants to be rid of us. Can't you see she wants
to be alone with my friend?

Marguerite (serenely)
For once in your life you are quite right, Gaston.
(as her eyes meet Armand's)
We can do very well without these two, can't we?

Prudence (suddenly alert)
Who is your friend, anyhow? Introduce us, can't
you?

Marguerite (with her best manner -
rather apologizing for Prudence to Armand)
This is my neighbor -- Madame Duvernoy, Baron de
Varville --

Everyone realizes her mistake except Marguerite.

Armand
Baron de Varville --

Prudence
He, the Baron de Varville!

Gaston
That's a good one!
(to Prudence)
No wonder she wanted to get rid of us!

Armand (stiffly)
But I never said I was the Baron Anybody!

Prudence (furious with Marguerite)
There's the Baron de Varville -- !
(pointing to the box opposite)
Sitting there - big as life - with that wretch,
Olympe!

Marguerite
Really!

Prudence
Certainly.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED (4)

Marguerite (laughing)
Oh, but this is very funny!

Prudence
Funny?

Armand
I agree. It is funny.

Marguerite
Even if you're not the Baron de Varville, sit down,
Longface!

Armand (very hurt, but grinning
gamely)
I can scarcely believe I'm wanted, since my
unimportance has been discovered.

Marguerite
Don't be silly. Who are you, anyhow?

Armand (shortly)
My name is Armand Duval; and I've never had any
reason to be ashamed of it.

Prudence (who has put her opera
glasses to her eyes, and focused them
on Box "A")
My dear, the Baron keeps looking over here. That
must worry Clympe.

Marguerite puts her opera glasses to her
eyes and stares at de Varville. Then
she turns and sees Armand with his hand
on the door of the box, and speaks abruptly,
softly.

Marguerite (abruptly, softly)
Armand Duval --

Armand
Yes?

Marguerite (smiling)
I am not always sincere. One cannot be in this
world, but I'm not sorry the mistake happened.

Armand (gallantly)
Nor I.

Marguerite
And now, since you won't sit down, suppose you go
out and buy me some sweets.

CONTINUED:

Marguerite (cont'd)
 (she adds, teasingly:)
 You can afford a pound of raisins glacés, even if
 you're not a rich Baron, can't you?

Armand
 A pound of raisins glacés is certainly little
 enough to pay for a seat in your box, Madame, but -
 (with a significant glance across
 the theatre at the Baron de Varville)
 I'll not come back again with your sweets too soon.
 (he bows and goes quickly)

She stares after him an instant, her smile
 dying. Then she turns and seats herself
 again in the front of her box.

CUT TO:

BOX A
 TWO SHOT OF DE VARVILLE AND OLYMPE

de Varville
 (as Olympe smiles triumphantly at
 Marguerite)
 What is your friend's name?

Olympe (vaguely)
 I'm not sure which friend you mean?

de Varville
 The girl in the opposite box; whom you just spoke
 to.

Olympe (shortly)
 Well, she's hardly a friend. I know her, of course.
 But she's not easy to get along with, I can tell
 you. Ask anybody.

de Varville
 What did you say her name was?

Olympe (evading the question)
 And she has the reputation of being one of the most
 extravagant girls in Paris. As well as one of the
 most insincere. I like sincerity. Don't you?

de Varville
 It's an admirable quality.

Olympe
 Well, I insist on it. But she's the kind who says
 one thing and thinks another.

CONTINUED:

46

CONTINUED (2)

de Varville
(innocently)

Who?

Olympe
Marguerite -- the girl we were talking about.

de Varville
Marguerite -- what is her other name?

Olympe
(shortly)
Gautier.... Not that it's her real name. She had some sort of very common name, I hear, when she came to Paris -- But there's no use boring you about her... A friend of mine is giving a small party tonight -- if you'd care to come.

de Varville
I detest parties... Your friend is alone.

47

LONG SHOT OF MARGUERITE

alone. She holds up her arm and beckons.

48

TWO SHOT DE VARVILLE AND OLYMPE

de Varville.
(rising instantly; bowing)
Thank you for a very charming entre acte, my dear.

Olympe
Will I see you again?

de Varville
(carelessly)
I should think it very likely - sometime. Good evening.

He goes, leaving Olympe almost rigid with anger.

CUT TO:

Marguerite sees de Varville leave Box A. At the same instant, there is a knock on her door and it is opened by the young man we have seen with his brother, quarreling over their mother's jewels.

Marguerite turns. She is angry at being disturbed.

Marguerite (sharply)
What is it?

The Young Man (also sharply)
Marguerite Gautier -- ?

Marguerite
I don't know you and I don't like your manners.

The Young Man
My name's Auchapt...I'm Emile Auchapt's brother.
And I've something to say to you --

Marguerite
I've no intention of listening.

She turns deliberately and sits down
in front of the box.

He takes a step forward. Her back is to him,
but he begins to speak. At the same instant,
de Varville appears in the open doorway and
listens, unnoticed.

The Young Man
Last year you made a fool of my brother --
(she doesn't answer, but drums nervously
on the railing with the knuckles of her
gloved hands. He continues.)
He gave you that necklace you have on, and other
jewels which belonged to our mother. They were
meant for our sister. I demand them back!

Marguerite
(half-turning; in a different voice)
Did he send you to ask for them back?

The Young Man
No. He refuses to ask for them, himself.--

Marguerite
Then you may have them.

She takes off her gloves. De Varville
steps forward.

de Varville
Do you really mean to give those jewels back,
Madame?

CONTINUED:

Marguerite (carelessly)
 Why not? He may be telling the truth....
 (she takes the jewels off and gives them
 to Auchapt, who looks at them with deep
 emotion, as she continues carelessly.)
 It's odd I should have worn them tonight....

Auchapt
 Thank you, Madame.

Marguerite
 (giving him the last of the jewels)
 This is all.

The Young Man (self-consciously)
 Thank you -- I could not have acted otherwise.

Then he turns and goes quickly.

Marguerite and de Varville look at each other;
 there is real interest in his eyes.

de Varville (curiously)
 Why did you give them back?

Marguerite (smiling and shrugging)
 They weren't big enough.

de Varville
 That's not the reason... Suppose he hadn't been
 telling the truth? How could you know it wasn't
 a trick to get them away from you?

Marguerite
 If so, they wanted them more than I did....

de Varville
 However, it's your own affair.
 (speaking as one very sure of himself,
 as he drops into the chair nearest her)
 I hope I don't intrude.

Marguerite
 (a little drily, but with her
 charming smile)
 The Baron de Varville must know he is always wel-
 come, anywhere.

(then mischievously, quickly)
 You are the Baron de Varville, aren't you?

de Varville (never taking his eyes
 from her face; chaffing her)
 Does the lady of the camellias demand credentials?

CONTINUED:

Marguerite
 (enjoying her own joke with herself)
 She is thinking of doing so, in the future.
 (she laughs. He smiles indulgently,
 but looks a little puzzled)

de Varville
 Does this reassure you?
 (she stops laughing as he takes a
 small jeweled box from his pocket
 and hands it to her)

Marguerite
 What is it?

de Varville
 A snuff-box which belonged to my grandfather.
 That's his crest, in jewels --

Marguerite
 (lifting her eyes from the box,
 to his, keeping the note of banter)
 Yes, this is perfectly satisfactory.
 (with real pleasure)
 What fine rubies! How does it open?
 (he takes the box, showing her the
 spring)

de Varville
 Like this --
 (their hands touch)

Marguerite
 (with child-like enthusiasm)
 I see - how amusing!

She opens and shuts the box several times,
 smiling up at him, after her success in
 managing the catch. Then, as she still
 plays with it, he adds, after an instant's
 hesitation:

de Varville
 If you like it, keep it.

Marguerite
 Oh, thank you...I do like it -- very much.

She continues to play with the box. He
 watches an instant, then he speaks again,
 casually, as if making conversation.

CONTINUED:

de Varville

Haven't you found the review a little disappointing this evening?

Marguerite

(looking up, answering passively, as if suddenly aware of what is coming)

A little...

de Varville (significantly)

Are you determined to see it through?

Marguerite

No.

The lights go down gradually in the theatre.

de Varville

Shall we stay, or go?

Marguerite

What do you suggest, Monsieur?

de Varville

(rising and holding up her cloak; speaking authoritatively; with sudden feeling)

Come --

Obediently she rises. One glove falls to the floor, but carrying the other in her hand, she lets him wrap her in her cloak, and then, on his arm, disappears from the box in the increasing darkness.

CUT TO:

50

THE STAGE

Gypsy songs are being sung by a Hungarian troupe.

CUT TO:

51

BOX B

Armand enters with the box of sweets. He finds only the white glove on the floor. After an instant, he bends and picks it up.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:
PAN SHOT - OF MARGUERITE'S APARTMENT

De Varville is at the piano, playing idly, but very well. Marguerite is standing near drawing on her gloves. Suddenly he stops.

de Varville

Ready?

Marguerite

Yes. But don't stop...The auction doesn't begin until half-past two.

de Varville

Give up this auction and I'll give up the races-- You know I'm going away tomorrow.

Marguerite

No, I feel --

(with real sincerity)

-- that I must go to the auction. I knew the woman who died...Her house will be full of strangers thinking of bargains--but I shall think of her.

de Varville (abruptly)

How long have I known you, Marguerite?

Marguerite

This is May...Since last October. Count for yourself.

de Varville

Seven months. Come to Russia with me.

Marguerite (teasingly)

The doctor has warned me against Russia.

de Varville

But Russia isn't cold in summer.

Marguerite

Even so, the trip would be too much for me. I should get tired; then I should get ill again; then you would get bored....

de Varville

Suppose I insist -- ?

Marguerite

I should laugh.

Nanine enters.

CONTINUED:

Nanine
The carriage is here, madame.

Marguerite
(taking the coat out of her hand)
Thank you, Nanine - you're coming with me.

Nanine
Yes, madame.

Nanine goes. He holds Marguerite's
coat for her.

de Varville
(as she slips into it; with an under-
tone of seriousness)
I hope you don't come back with your pockets
empty.

Marguerite
(gaily, as he holds her by the arms)
I hope you come back with yours full. Where
are my camellias?

She draws away from him, and takes a bouquet
of camellias from a cloud of wax paper,
lying on a table. He picks up his field-
glasses and slings them over his shoulder,
never taking his eyes from her as she moves
to a mirror and fastens the flowers to the
front of her coat.

DISSOLVE TO:

53-54

PAN SHOT OF A LARGE SALON

in the Paris house of the late Madame Clivet.
It is filled with a chattering mass of people
looking at each other and at different objects
which are to be sold.

The furnishings, mirrors, chairs, tables,
bibelot, etc, are all conspicuously tagged,
and almost everyone has a catalog and pencil.
Shabby-looking men with their hats on, make
notes in the catalog of the objects displayed

CONTINUED:

and whisper to each other. Attendants move about among the well-dressed and the poorly dressed who fill the room. At a large marble table sit two attendants, making notes,

The CAMERA FOCUSES on a young girl and her Governess. The young girl, with her hair in a long braid, is staring shyly at a voluptuous looking couch, placed on a dais in front of a fireplace; a cord from the headpiece to the footpiece is intended to discourage anyone from sitting on it. The Governess, a tall homely woman, also eyes the couch, looking down her nose at it, with severe disapproval.

Young Girl

They say everything here is to be sold for charity. Don't you think it wonderful, Mademoiselle, that such a bad woman wanted to do so much good after her death?

Governess

You are not to have such thoughts, Therese.

Young Girl (meekly)

I'll try not to, Mademoiselle.

THE CAMERA PASSES THEM and picks up a clerk who raps with a gavel on the marble table for attention.

Clerk

Ladies and gentlemen: the sale will begin in fifteen minutes, in the courtyard where the first items will be offered.

Instead of resuming his seat, he bends over and speaks to another clerk. The conversation is resumed.

TURN CAMERA to pick up Prudence and Nichette at a table in a corner, inspecting several muffs; and yards of lace; scarves, etc.

Prudence

This is the stuff I'm after. What do you think of this lace for the green dress we're making, Nichette?

Nichette (hesitating)

Is there enough?

Prudence

Measure it. Measure everything - while I look around.

(while Nichette measures, stretching the lace along her outstretched arm to her mouth, Prudence starts to go, commenting maliciously)

CONTINUED:

53-54

CONTINUED (3)

Prudence

I never saw so many ugly women in my life before.
I suppose they've all come out of curiosity to see
the sort of house their husbands prefer to their
own.

55

TURN CAMERA

to show the Young Girl and her Governess again.

Young Girl

(breathlessly, to the Governess)

Mademoiselle, I am sure that woman dressed like a
man is Georges Sand, the writer! And he must be
Alfred de Musset, the poet - whom she's in love with!

Governess (severely)

A young girl should not be interested in such
people.

CUT TO:

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56

TURN CAMERA TO SHOW:

GEORGES SAND AND ALFRED DE MUSSET -

de Musset

All Paris seems to be here - laughing and
chattering.

Georges Sand (Looking about

with her hand on his shoulder)

And bargaining. And soon everything the dead
woman was or did or said will be forgotten. There
will be no record of her at all, except in these
beautiful things which were so much a part of her
once, and which will be scattered among strangers.
I wonder if the person who buys this jade horse
will give him a field of green silk from China
to roam against, as she did.

de Musset

Such a piece isn't a bad investment. How much
do you appose it'll fetch?

Georges Sand

(with a curious smile)

How practical poets are!

- an old Duchess in black, with a shadowy woman companion and a young priest, standing before a figure of Bacchus by Clodion.

58

CLOSE SHOT -

of the laughing Bacchus.

59

GROUP SHOT

Old Duchess

That is a very good thing, Father.

Priest

It was made by a man who knew God's world was full of joy, Duchess.

Old Duchess (drily)

And belonged to a woman whose life was full of pleasure.

Priest

Joy and pleasure are not the same thing, Madame. God makes joy. Pleasure is man's imitation of it.

Old Duchess

And woman's.

Priest

And no one need envy those poor creatures who set too much store by it. The eventual end can only be a release from regret.

Old Duchess (drily)

I imagine the regret is not for their love of pleasure, so much as for the money they've wasted and the opportunities they've lost.

Priest

Even that is saddening.

Old Duchess

You're a young man, Father; and have never known the world.

Priest

I know the world hardens itself in order to be thought strong, Madame.

Old Duchess

There is an age of sentimentality. But I look at things as they are. And I've no pity for the sort of woman who'll do anything in order to live in a fine house and splash the rest of the world with the mud from their fine carriages. CONTINUED:

Priest

God withholds his pity from none; and I cannot feel myself wiser than He, or His Son, our Lord Jesus, who said to the Magdalen: "Much shall be forgiven thee, because thou hast loved much."

CUT TO:

60

THE DOORWAY

Marguerite enters, staring about her with intense interest, up at the walls, at the crowd, at the displays; she is followed by Nanine. An attendant near the door offers them a catalogue.

Attendant

Catalogue, Madame?

Marguerite

Please.

Nanine (as Marguerite takes it)

How much?

Attendant

One franc..... thank you.

61

TRUCKING SHOT MARGUERITE

as she moves slowly from one object to another, looking about. When they come to the jade horse on the cabinet, Marguerite pauses.

Marguerite

I like this.

(she indicates the green silk panel on the wall)

And this, too. They should go together.

Nanine

That silk piece is worn out and the horse looks more like some kind of sheep.

Marguerite

(not listening; touching the jade horse)

How cold it is. Jade is always like that. I like to touch it.

Nanine

That's because your hands are hot--you've probably got fever this minute.

CONTINUED:

Marguerite (ignoring her and giving
all her attention to the jade horse)
I want it... I know just where I'll put it.

An attendant with paper and pencil enters
the shot and pauses to say:

Attendant
The horses are being sold next, in the courtyard,
Madame.
(he hurries out)

Marguerite
That's something we must see. Come --

62

TRUCKING SHOT

Follow Marguerite and Nanine from the room.
They pass through the open French window onto
a balcony. Leaning over the railing, their
backs to them, are Olympe, Prudence and Gaston.

Marguerite
Hullo --

63

GROUP SHOT .

The others turn.

Olympe
Marguerite --
Prudence
My dear --
Gaston
Hullo --

Olympe
So you're here, too?

Marguerite
Isn't everyone? Including you two -- thicker than
thieves again.

They all laugh.

Olympe
I came to buy Clivet's horses. I've had my eye on
them ever since she got them.

Marguerite
I hope you buy old Henri with them.

Olympe
Who's he?

Marguerite
Clivet's coachman. He loves those horses.

CONTINUED:

Olympe

No, thank you. I've seen him and I don't want to be driven by an old man with one foot in the grave. I think too much of my own neck.

CUT TO:

64

ANOTHER BALCONY

to show the Old Duchess and the Priest standing in the center. The Governess and the young girl are at one end.

The Young Girl (to her governess)

That's Cousin Gaston on the next balcony. May I go and speak to him?

Governess

Certainly not! A lady never speaks to a gentleman--even her own father - when he's with women who have such red lips.

CUT TO:

65

THE COURTYARD

A pair of fine horses are being driven round in a circle by an old groom. A smaller brougham and an open cart are one display and a huge dog, at the end of a long rope attached to a heavy weight, lies against the stable wall. The Auctioneer stands on the front seat of the brougham selling the horses.

Auctioneer

Two thousand, two hundred forty francs for this fine pair of chestnuts. Ladies and gentlemen, you'll not find a more perfectly matched pair in all of France. They're worth five thousand, at least!

TURN CAMERA TO BALCONY showing Olympe, Prudence Marguerite, at the railing; Nanine and Gaston are in the background.

Olympe (shouting)

Two thousand five hundred....

Auctioneer's voice (picking up the cry)

Two thousand five hundred. Thank you, Madame.

TURN CAMERA TO SHOW the old Duchess.

Old Duchess (leaning down over the rail, holding up her hand for attention before she speaks; in a low, clear voice)
Two thousand seven hundred fifty.

CONTINUED:

Auctioneer

Thank you, Madame le Duchesse... two thousand seven hundred fifty. Are there any higher bids?

CUT TO:

66

SHOT SHOWING HORSES

with old Henri, the coachman, laying his face against the nose of the one nearest to him, while a tear runs down his cheek.

CUT BACK TO:

66-A

GROUP ON BALCONY

featuring Marguerite, looking sympathetically at the coachman.

Marguerite

(to Nanine, in a low, sharp voice)

Bid three thousand!

Nanine

(startled and angry; protesting)

But the Baron just gave you a pair!

Marguerite

I want two pairs. Bid, Nanine; three thousand!

Nanine

(stepping to the railing and calling down)

Three thousand!

Olympe (furiously)

So that's what you came for! I might have known it

(then shouting, angrily, at the auctioneer)

Three thousand and one hundred francs!

Auctioneer's Voice

Three thousand and one hundred francs for this beautiful pair of chestnuts, which I assure you is worth six!

TURN CAMERA TO THE NEXT BALCONY -

showing the old duchesse - again holding up her hand and leaning down as she speaks in her clear, exquisite voice:

Duchesse

Three thousand seven hundred fifty.

CUT TO:

67

THE CROWD BELOW

A Voice

Four thousand.

CUT TO:

Auctioneer
Four thousand...? Four thousand...? For this fine
pair of chestnuts - which is easily worth seven!

CUT TO:

THE FIRST BALCONY

Olympe and Prudence stand together; and Nanine
and Marguerite. Gaston is in the background.

Olympe (to Prudence)
That's too much!

Prudence
I should say it is! Don't bid any more.

Olympe
I won't!
(then immediately, raising her voice and
shouting angrily, as she glares at
Marguerite)
Four thousand and one hundred!

Marguerite (into Nanine's ear)
Four thousand, five hundred. Bid!

CUT TO:

THE OLD DUCHESS

making a gesture with her head to the auc-
tioneer below, signifying she is finished; then
she turns and goes into the house, followed
by the Priest and her companion.

CUT TO:

AUCTIONEER

Auctioneer
Four thousand five hundred --

A Voice
(from the crowd below the balcony)
Five thousand!

Auctioneer (very pleased with the
way the sale is going)
Five thousand! Five thousand for this splendid pair
of chestnuts, which you can sell any day for ten--

Olympe's voice (hoarsely)
Five thousand and one hundred -

CUT TO:

Showing group including Marguerite and Nanine.

Six thousand! Marguerite (prompting Nanine)

Six thousand! Nanine (calling down)

Six thousand! Auctioneer's Voice
Going, going --

Olympe
(turning on Marguerite angrily)
You know you only want them because I do!

CUT TO:

73

SHOT OF COURTYARD

showing Auctioneer standing in front of the
carriage shouting:

Auctioneer
Six thousand! Six thousand! Who'll bid more?
Going, going --? Sold for six thousand francs!

CUT TO:

74

THE FIRST BALCONY

showing the group including Marguerite.

Olympe
Well, I hope they don't run away and kill you.
I hear they're none too safe.

Marguerite (complacently)
Sour grapes, Olympe.
(then she turns to Nanine)
Go down and settle with the auctioneer and tell the
old man we'll take him with the horses.

Nanine
Very well, Madame.
(she disappears from the shot)

Gaston (warmly)
You really have a heart, Marguerite.

Olympe
Yes, and it's going to cost her a lot before she's
through. I hope mine never gets that soft.

CONTINUED:

Gaston
Don't worry; it won't.

Prudence (sagely)
It's a great mistake for any woman to have a heart
bigger than her pocket-book.

Marguerite shrugs and laughs, then speaks
abruptly.

Marguerite (to Prudence)
Have you invited them to my party tomorrow night?

Olympe
I thought the Baron disliked parties.

Marguerite
The Baron won't be there, my dear - to be bored
by my friends.

Gaston laughs)

Olympe (eagerly)
Have you quarrelled?

Marguerite
Not yet. But don't give up hope, Olympe. Au
revoir.
(suddenly she coughs and turns and goes
inside)

FOLLOW HER WITH THE CAMERA into the passage
where she meets Nichette, who comes toward
her, carrying a parcel.

Marguerite
Nichette!

Nichette
Marguerite!
(they kiss)

Marguerite
How well you look! How happy! That must be love.

Nichette
It is.

Marguerite
Still the same young man?

Nichette
Of course. And just think, Marguerite -
(shyly, almost reverently)
He talks about our getting married! Just as soon as
he's passed his examinations and is a real lawyer.

CONTINUED:

Marguerite

You seem to think that's very fine of him.

Nichette (defensively)

Of course I do. After all, I've no dowry and he's a gentleman and educated.

Marguerite (scornfully)

Even so -- why should the mention of marriage go to your head?

Nichette

But it - it's ideal, Marguerite; to love and to marry the one you love.

Marguerite

I've no faith in ideals. Amuse yourself, if you wish, but always remember you can do better than a penniless young lawyer.

Nichette

I never want to do better than Gustave.

Marguerite

Well, time changes our minds as well as our hearts, so perhaps you won't go on being a goose always... Only come to see me, now and then. Remember you're my oldest friend in Paris.

Nichette

I will, Marguerite, soon. I often think of those two years we worked together in that linen-shop... I'm so glad I saw you today, and that you're looking so well.

Marguerite (with an ironic smile)

I always look well when I'm near death.

Then kissing the tips of her fingers to Nichette, she turns and continues through the corridor. Nichette looks after her, troubled by her last speech; then she, too, turns to go in the opposite direction.

FOLLOW MARGUERITE WITH CAMERA as she stops, arrested by a picture on the wall. She glances at her catalogue, to identify it, then she sweeps on. She comes to a wide doorway, hesitates and peeps in. The expression on her face changes to one of doubt, then amused surprise. After an instant, she calls softly, abruptly, crooking her finger to someone in the room.

Marguerite

Armand Duval!

CONTINUED:

74

CONTINUED (4)

TURN CAMERA TO SHOW Armand, hurrying to her from the far side of the room, which is the library, an open book in his hand.

75

TWO SHOT - MARGUERITE AND ARMAND

Marguerite

Where are my raisins glaces?

Armand (trying to hide his excitement
under a light tone)

I ate them, Madame, six months ago.

Marguerite

What a pity!

Armand (ironically)

But I'm glad of this opportunity of returning
something belonging to you --
(he fumbles in a pocket)

Marguerite

Something belonging to me?

He brings out her long white glove.

Armand

I found it on the floor when I came back.

Marguerite

And you've kept it all this time.

Armand

Yes --

Marguerite (incredulously)

Always with you?

Armand

Always with me -- like an old friend - to remind
me that I'm not the Baron de Varville.
(Marguerite is hurt and angry)

Marguerite

That's not a very romantic reason.

Armand (looking at the glove)

No; I kept it as a warning against romance.
(she suddenly laughs)

Marguerite

How sensible! And has it made you very cynical?

Armand

Very.

Marguerite

Is that why you've never taken the trouble to
call on me?

Armand (after an instant; drily)

Perhaps --

Marguerite (simply, sincerely)

I'm sorry; one needs friends.

CONTINUED:

Suddenly she coughs. Nanine enters, sees her and hurries to her. Marguerite takes the Baron's snuff-box from a bag and takes a pastille from it, which she puts into her mouth.

Nanine
I've been looking for you --
(she stops abruptly, seeing Armand,
and makes a curtsy)

Monsieur!
(Armand nods self-consciously)
You can see for yourself she's quite well again --
or would be --if she'd take proper care of herself --

Marguerite
Why do you think my health interests M. Duval,
Nanine?

Nanine
Because he came every day when you were ill to
ask how you were and to leave flowers --

Marguerite
Oh -- he's the one -- ?

Nanine (to Armand)
Tell her, yourself, Monsieur.
(to Marguerite)
He just said "A friend", when I asked -- so I
thought --

Marguerite (stopping her)
Never mind now. Wait for me downstairs.

Nanine
Yes, madame.
(curtsying again)
Monsieur --

Armand nods to her and she goes.

Marguerite (in quite a different voice)
You might have asked to see me --

Armand
I knew there were so many others.

Marguerite
There were no others...None. During all those
weeks when the doctors thought I might die.

Armand
Not even the Baron de Varville -- ?

Marguerite
The Baron de Varville chose to be in England at the
time. No, you were the only one who took the trouble
to ring my bell.

Armand
But now -- ?

Marguerite
Now, I'm well again; and all goes merrily...

CONTINUED:

Marguerite (cont'd)

(then impulsively)

Would you care to come to a party I'm giving tomorrow night? It's my birthday.

Armand

Aren't you afraid you're not strong enough, yet -- to give parties?

Marguerite

I'm afraid of nothing -- except being bored to death...It's supper. After the theatre.

Armand

Thank you. I'll come with pleasure. And --
(showing her the book which he has in his hand)

-- bring you this book for a birthday present. Have you read it?

Marguerite

No. I never read anything. What's the name of it?

Armand

Manon Lescaut.

Marguerite

Who was she?

Armand

A beautiful girl who lived for love and pleasure.

Marguerite

(taking the book in her hand for an instant; half pensively, half humorously)

Well, it's a nice color -- so it should be a very good story.

(he laughs)

Armand

It is. But sad...She dies in the end.

Marguerite

Then I will keep it; but I won't read it. I don't like sad thoughts. However --

(smiling philosophically)

We all die in the end...Perhaps this will be sold again some day at an auction after my death --

(she smiles, as she holds up the book)

Armand (chaffing her)

I thought you didn't like sad thoughts.

Marguerite (smiling)

I don't. But they come sometimes. After all, what goes on here will go on tomorrow. As I said, nobody lives forever, and I -- for one --

(touching his chin with the book)

-- wouldn't want to, Long-face. Goodbye.

CONTINUED:

She leaves the book in his hands, and turns and goes out quickly. Armand, still holding the book and the glove, stares after her. Then he puts the glove in his pocket, and, with the book in his hand, crosses the room. An old gentleman is standing looking through another volume. An attendant watches to see that nothing is taken away.

The Old Gentleman

Since you seem to be a young man of taste, Monsieur, I suppose you know these --?

(he holds up the book in his hand, adding:)

Shakespeare's Sonnets...? If you don't you should.

Armand takes the book, and begins reading in a low voice:

Armand

"Farewell, thou art too dear for my possessing..."

DISSOLVE TO:

76

CLOSEUP OF THE SNUFF-BOX

77

WIDE SHOT - OF MARGUERITE'S DRESSING TABLE

It is magnificently appointed. Suddenly the mirror fills with Marguerite's image. She is in an evening dress. Her hair is dressed with jewels, and others blaze on her throat and arms. Nanine appears behind her.

Marguerite (suddenly vexed)

No! I look exactly the sort of woman who is always overdressed for the simplest occasion because she's never invited to any great ones -- which is the truth...Haven't I something else I can put on?

Nanine

You've got whole wardrobes full, but its past eleven, and people will be coming anytime now --

DISSOLVE INTO:

78

PAN SHOT OF MARGUERITE'S SALON

A long table is laid for a number of guests. It is lighted by candles and decorated by flowers; and several footmen in livery, gloves moving about the room, give it an atmosphere of impressive formality. Two young girls with two distinguished-looking men form a group looking at the jade horse on a cabinet. Another handsome young woman is talking to the Charles whom we have seen before with Armand and Gaston. Prudence sits on the sofa, between a very old

CONTINUED:

man and a very young one. Olympe and Saint Gaudens are standing in front of the fire chatting politely. Marguerite seems to be floating everywhere at once, very much the hostess, with Gaston, or some other gentleman at her elbow. One of the girl who is looking at the jade horse speaks.

Prudence
(from the sofa, in a benign voice, for the moment almost stately)
Marguerite, my child --

Marguerite
Yes?

(she goes toward the sofa. The old man and the young man get to their feet)

Prudence (in her politest manner)
Are we waiting for someone, my dear, or are we just waiting for supper?

Marguerite
Both.

Olympe
(coming away from the mantle, signalling Marguerite to her side; in a low voice; her voice and manner very elegant)
Why didn't you invite my Edmond, Marguerite?

Marguerite
Why didn't you bring him?

Olympe (glancing at Saint-Gaudens)
Because I brought my Claude.

Marguerite (with a shrug)
Hasn't he learned to tolerate your Edmond, yet?

Olympe
Not yet, my dear, it's so hard to get new habits when one's getting on -- particularly good ones.

A footman appears in the doorway.

Footman (announcing)
Monsieur Armand Duval.
(Marguerite moves toward the doorway alone)

Olympe (going on to Prudence, as Marguerite goes toward the doorway)
How chic! I must say things are done properly in this house, even if Marguerite did come out of a barnyard.

Prudence (approvingly)
Why not? She stole her cook from a duchess. And her butler from a Prince.

CONTINUED:

Optional
Script
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Armand appears. He hurries to Marguerite and kisses the hand she gives him.

Marguerite
I was so afraid you wouldn't come.

~~I acted so badly the first time we met I wasn't
sure you had forgiven me.~~

Optional
Cut

Armand
~~You were so kind the second time, that the first
is forgotten.~~
Here is the book I promised you.

Marguerite
Oh, thank you. We were just about to sit down.
Come --

As she leads the way to the table, Armand following, everybody comes forward. Gaston hurried to the seat to her left, Armand sits to her right. Gaston and Armand greet each other.

Prudence
(to Armand from the opposite side of
the table)
I remember you, young man! You're the bogus Baron.

Marguerite
(with an apologetic smile from Armand)
Tactful as always, Prudence!....Everyone may sit
where he likes.

Saint Gaudens
Then everyone will sit next to you!

Prudence
I shall sit here by Gaston.
(to St. Gaudens, indicating
the chair next to her)
And you sit here --

St. Gaudens drops into the chair next to Prudence. Olympe sits opposite her, on Armand's left. Everyone is seated.

Gaston
(with mock ceremoniousness to Marguerite)
And how are you this evening, Madame?

Marguerite
(with an air of mock dignity)
Very well, thank you. And you, Monsieur?

CONTINUED:

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Optional
Cut

Prudence

Good gracious! Listen to you two. Why so formal?

Gaston (with mock hauteur)

Why not? This is a very elegant soiree, madame.

Prudence (heartily, loudly)

Well, elegant or not, I've been formal long enough myself.

(everyone laughs; continuing)

And if I'm going to enjoy my supper I've got to take off these tight shoes. Help me, Gaston.

She pushes back her chair and crosses her legs.

The footman are passing the dishes and the wine.

Gaston

(to Prudence, indicating her foot)

Can't you manage to hold it a little higher?

Prudence

There --

(then as the footman pauses
with a dish to serve her)

What are those little fellows on that dish?

Marguerite

Partridges.

Prudence

Put some on my plate.

Gaston

Some! How many do you think you'll get? Partridges aren't oysters.

Prudence

Well, those don't look much bigger than oysters.

(suddenly Olympe who has been listening
to the old man on her right, laughs loudly)

What's the joke?

The old man turns to the girl on his other side and whispers to her.

Olympe

The funniest story I've ever heard in my life! Oh! I shall die!

(she laughs again)

Saint-Gaudens (across the table)

Tell me!

CONTINUED:

Olympe
 (standing up, moving the flowers and
 leaning over the table)
 Well, come a little closer.

Saint-Gaudens stands up and they whisper.
 The girl on the other side of the old man laughs
 loudly and passes the story on to her neighbour.

Next Girl
 Tell me, too!

Saint-Gaudens roars with laughter and sits
 down.

Prudence
 Tell me!

He whispers to her.

Marguerite
 No fair! Tell us all.

Down at the other end of the table, people
 whisper and laugh. Armand looks at Marguerite
 gravely.

Gaston
 If it's the story of the yellow coach --?

Prudence
 It is --

Gaston
 I already know it --

Prudence roars with laughter as Saint-Gaudens
 whispers to her.

Prudence
 I see what's coming! Oh, my stars! But go on --

The laughter grows louder.

Marguerite (like a child)
 I want to laugh too! Tell me the story --
 (Gaston leans over and puts his
 arm about her)

Gaston
 I'll tell you -- though you may have heard it
 before. It's as old as Prudence.

Prudence
 (catching a part of what they have said;
 turning her head and stopping laughing)
 What's that about my being old?

CONTINUED:

Gaston
I said the story was as old as you --

Prudence (thundering)
I'm thirty-six.

Everybody roars with laughter. Gaston and Marguerite suddenly glance at Armand.

Gaston
Drink your wine, Armand.
(to Marguerite)
He's as sad as a drinking song.

Marguerite rises and lays her arm on his coat sleeve.

Marguerite
What's the matter?
(bluntly)
Are you shocked?

Armand (lying)
Certainly not. Only I know all Gaston's jokes.
In fact --
(swaggering a bit)
I told him most of them.
(hesitantly)
But, I'd sooner they weren't repeated at your table.
(he pushes his chair back and gets up)

Marguerite (gently)
Sit down, Long-face; sit down and remember I'm not a Colonel's daughter just out of a convent.
(she takes him by the hand and makes him sit down beside her at the table again)

She puts his glass of wine in his hand, and smiles into his eyes. He relaxes, drinks, smiles back. Suddenly, for no reason everyone at the table is singing.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE SAME SCENE, THREE HOURS LATER

The party has become very disorderly. Chairs are overturned; napkins are here and there on the floor; Charles is at the piano playing while Olympe is dancing the can-can.

Prudence is lying on the couch moving her feet, from which she has taken her stockings as well as her shoes, in the air, keeping time to the music.

The two pretty girls are sitting on the floor and are leaning against the knees of their distinguished-looking gentlemen. CONTINUED:

Gaston sits on the edge of the Square piano watching Olympe, who dances violently.

Marguerite sits alone, a glass of wine in her hand, also watching Olympe. Saint-Gaudens is leaning over her chair making love to her. Armand stands alone in front of the fire.

Olympe
(breathlessly as she dances)
I do this better than anybody! Nobody can do it the way I can!

Gaston
Bravo, Olympe!

Olympe (calls out)
Slower there, Charles - you're going too fast!

Charles
(calling back)
You're getting tired. --

Gaston
(leaning backward from his perch on the piano watching Charles play)
If you don't stop playing that thing Olympe will drop dead.

Charles nods understandingly. Prudence overhears.

Prudence
How long can she keep it up...She's not so young --

Olympe
(breathlessly to Charles -- as she dances)
Oh, faster than that! I'm just getting into the mood!

Prudence (shouting out)
You'll drop -
(then she adds with drunken good-nature)
But go ahead and drop! I don't care.

TWO GIRLS WHO ARE SITTING ON THE FLOOR -

They are suddenly on their knees facing each other, so they speak heatedly.

First Girl
I tell you my hair is much longer than yours!

Second Girl
All right. Take it down and we'll see. I dare you!
CONTINUED:

First Girl

If you think I'm afraid, stand up -- !

They get to their feet and their two gentlemen, very much amused, stand them side by side while they measure their long locks.

Charles brings the music to a quick finish. Olympe stops dancing -- none too soon. Everybody applauds insincerely and shouts:

All

Bravo! Splendid!
Wonderful!
Marvelous! Etc., etc..

Prudence (shouting)

Come and sit down here by me, my angel --

Olympe

I'm not tired.

But she pants and blows and staggers as she crosses the room and drops into the corner of the couch occupied by Prudence's feet, swabbing the perspiration from her face, her neck, her arms.

Saint-Gaudens

(to Marguerite, in her ear; insinuatingly)
I love you!

(she makes no answer; he continues)
I would appreciate you. I love you, I tell you.

Marguerite (frowning)

Be quiet. You love everybody when you're drunk enough.

(she rises. Armand notices, and follows; standing behind her, so that she is very conscious of his nearness)

Play something else, Charles. Play my tune.

Charles

You mean "The Invitation To The Waltz"?
(he begins to play the tune.)

Marguerite

Yes.

She begins to hum, moving her hands in time to the music. As she stands humming and he plays, Armand draws near her holding out his hands.

Armand

Is that an invitation to the waltz for me?

CONTINUED:

Marguerite

(after looking at him speculatively)

No. I've changed my mind. I don't want to waltz, I want to polka. Play a polka, Charles. Come, Gaston, dance with me.

Then as Gaston takes her hand, she turns to Armand who stands by with a long face and adds with a little laugh.

Marguerite

You must polka too. Come, Eugenie, dance with Monsieur Duval. Dance everybody.

CONTINUED:

Marguerite

Very well, play a polka, then. Come, Gaston,
Dance with Le.

(then she calls out, as Gaston slips,
from the piano to the floor to dance)

Armand!

(Armand comes toward her)

You must dance.... Come, Eugenie; dance with
Monsieur Duval.... Dance everybody.

Everyone begins to polka. Suddenly
Marguerite puts her hand to her throat
as if choking. Then she stops dancing
and slips away, covering her mouth with
her handkerchief. Armand, who has been
watching her, sees her go; but the others
notice nothing.

DISSOLVE TO:

81

MARGUERITE ALONE IN HER DRESSING-ROOM

She is just recovering from a coughing fit.
She takes a sip of water, and a lozenge from
the jeweled snuff-box on the dressing-stand.
She seems almost unable to stand. Then
suddenly she picks up a candle and looks at her-
self in the mirror. Armand's reflection
appears over her shoulder.

Marguerite

(startled, but not displeased)

Ah -- it's you --!

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TWO SHOT

as she turns and smiles at him, speaking with
a slight breathlessness, as she continues;

Marguerite

But what's happened? You look ill, yourself --

Armand

It's seeing you like this ... suffering --

Marguerite

But this is nothing. Nothing...

(she drops down on her couch and smiles
up at him, as she continues)

Don't worry. It lasts only a minute.

Armand

(passionately, dropping on his knees
beside her)

You're killing yourself!

CONTINUED:

Marguerite
 (gently, Bitterly)
 If I am, you're the only one who objects...Now go
 back and dance with one of those pretty girls.
 (he doesn't move, but instead bends his
 head. She moves as if to rise)
 Come. I'll go with you --
 (she puts her hand on his head. He reach-
 es up for it and holds it against his
 lips)

83

CLOSEUP -

Of her hand with Armand's tears on it.

84

TWO SHOT - MARGUERITE AND ARMAND -

Marguerite (gently)
 What a child you are--!

Armand (almost unable to speak)
 Your hand's so hot --

Marguerite
 Is that why you've put tears on it? To cool it?

Armand (mastering his emotion)
 I know I'm nothing to you. I don't count. But
 someone ought to take care of you. And I could --
 I really could -- if you'd let me.

Marguerite (cynically)
 Too much wine has made you sentimental.

Armand
 (passionately)
 It wasn't wine which made me come here every day --
 for months -- just to find out how you were.

Marguerite
 (gently)
 No -- that couldn't have been wine.
 (then toying with the idea)
 So you really would like to take care of me?

Armand
 Yes.

Marguerite
 All day -- every day --?

Armand
 All day -- every day -- why not?

CONTINUED:

Marguerite

But why should a young man like you care for a woman like me? A woman who's always nervous - or sick - or sad - or too gay?

Armand

But I do care for you.

Marguerite

Do you know what you should do?

Armand

No. What?

Marguerite

You should get married....

(he bends his head and bites his lip, but says nothing. She continues earnestly)

Come, you're young and sensitive; the sort of company you're in tonight doesn't suit you at all --

Armand

Nor you --

Marguerite

Nonsense. These are the only friends, I have and I'm no better than they are....But I've given you some very good advice. Now, let's go back.
(she rises)

Armand (not looking at her)

You go. Let me stay here a little longer, alone.

Marguerite (with a little hopeless laugh; sitting down again; tenderly)

What on earth am I to do with you?

Armand (abruptly)

No. One has ever loved you as I love you.

Marguerite (after an instant, slowly)

That may be true...But what can I do about it--?

Armand (desperately)

What can I do?

Marguerite

Don't see me again. Go away.

Armand (meaning it)

I will.

Marguerite

Now?

Armand

Yes.

Marguerite (not really wanting him to go)

Armand (angrily)
You want me to go --!

Marguerite
Yes. But not this minute -- in anger...Can't you shake hands with me, and be sensible...Laugh at yourself a little, as I laugh at myself -- and come and talk to me, once in a while, in a friendly way.

Armand
That's too much -- and not enough. Don't you believe in love, Marguerite?

Marguerite
I don't think I know what it is.

He seizes both hands and kisses them.

Armand
Oh, thank you! Thank you!

Marguerite
For what?

Armand
For never having been in love.

Marguerite
You're a funny boy.
(she laughs. He draws back)

Armand
That's good! Laugh at me. Perhaps your laughter will cure me -- which nothing else seems to do!

Marguerite (gently)
I believe you're sincere, at least...After all -- when one may not have long to live...why shouldn't one...have fancies...?

She looks at him speculatively; then as he stares at her, not trusting her, she adds very softly;

Marguerite
You see I'm not laughing anymore.

Armand (abruptly, violently,
encouraged by her look)
Then love me a little -- only a little--!
(as he puts his arms about her,
embracing her)

With a sort of desperation, she speaks again still softly, but with calculation in her obvious emotion.

CONTINUED-

Marguerite
And if I should -- a little -- would you trust me --
and do as I say? Promise --

Armand
I promise anything -- everything --!

Marguerite (with a passionate
gesture taking a camellia from her hair)
Then take this -- and come back to me when it dies --

Armand
How soon will that be --?

Marguerite
Tomorrow night...

Armand
(crushing the flower in her hand)
Look! It's dead already --! Now -- !

Marguerite (as his face covers hers)
No, no, that's impossible --

He kisses her. Then he laughs with sheer joy.

Armand
Nothing's impossible, now! Send those people in
the other room away.

Marguerite
I can't --

Armand
Then I will --! I'll tell them you're ill. It's
true -- you're too ill to talk to anyone but me
tonight.

Marguerite
If they go, you must go --

Armand
What!

Marguerite (laughing at his frown)
And come back later, alone, long-face...

Armand (relieved)
Oh!

Marguerite (as to a child; very
lovingly)
For some of that supper you didn't touch tonight.

They laugh. She rises.

CONTINUED:

Marguerite
Now go into the other room, and I'll have Nanine
get rid of you all.

Not a cut
but one ver-
sion is
necessary
with this
out for
censorship:

Armand
(teasingly, but with a suspicion that
it is all too good to be true)
You're not just sending me for some raisins
again? How do I know you'll let me in when I
come back?
Marguerite
(she releases herself from his embrace
and takes a key out of a box on her
dressing table and hand it to him)
Hera! -- you can let yourself in, when you come
back --
Armand : (taking the key)
You're an angel.

He kisses first the key, then Marguerite
again, then bends down and touches the floor.

Marguerite
What are you doing?

Armand
Trying to see what I'm really walking on. I
thought it was air.

He kisses his hand to her, she kisses her hand
to him, he opens the door, letting the sounds
of gaiety from the next room through, and
disappears.

FOLLOW him with the CAMERA into the salon.

PAN SHOT OF SALON

Gaston stands on a table, holding a hat. All
the women in the room are trying to kick it.

Gaston (announcing)
Stretch your legs, ladies! Remember the hat is
full of money, and the one kicking it out of my
hand gets it all.

Olympe
You put it higher every time I try.

Gaston
I don't

One of The Girls (running across
the room)
Out of my way, everybody!
(she almost kicks the hat)

CONTINUED:

Olympe
Stand back! I don't have to run a mile to get my
leg up --

She kicks and almost falls on her behind.
Saint-Gaudens catches her, however, but finds
himself sitting on the floor, with Olympe in
his arms. Everyone roars with laughter.

Prudence
Let me try it!

Armand, who has entered the room as incon-
spicuously as possible, looks on, laughs a
little, because he is in a high good humour.
As Prudence lifts her skirt, Nanine enters.

Nanine (sharply)
Madame Prudence ---

Prudence drops her skirt and goes over to
Nanine.

Nanine (in a lower voice)
Madame is sorry, but she must send everybody away.

Prudence (fuming)
What a pity -- just as we were having such a good
time too.

(she turns about, announcing to the
others)
Bad news! The party's over.

Voice
What!

Prudence
Marguerite wants us to go home.

Armand (speaking up)
She began to cough when she was dancing. I saw
she was ill.

Prudence (grumpily)
She's always ill when anybody's having fun.

Olympe (also displeased)
What happened anyhow? Did she drink too much?

Gaston
Don't be a cat, Olympe. Anyhow, it's late.

Prudence
Let's go somewhere else! Let's go to my place!

Saint-Gaudens
That's a good idea.

Olympe
Bring that hat along. I want to keep trying till
I kick it!

CONTINUED:

Prudence
How about something to eat? I was just feeling
hungry again. Let's take this --

She goes to the long table where a cold buffet
has been laid out, and clean plates arranged,
and where two magnums of champagne stand in
coolers, and picks up a cold guinea hen decked
with its feathers, and waves it about; adding:

Prudence
And this --
(she picks up a bottle of champagne, and
her eye falls on Armand)
You bring the other. Everybody bring something!

Armand
I think I shall say good night --

Prudence
You'll do nothing of the sort! You'll help us
move the party --

Everyone is picking up something to take along.

Gaston (to Nanine who stands by; in
a low voice)
Tell Madame how sorry I am.

Nanine
Thank you, Monsieur.

Prudence
Don't forget the cheese! Somebody bring the cheese
-- Forward! March!

DISSOLVE TO:

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THE SAME ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER.

Marguerite is floating about, trying to set
the room to rights, followed by Nanine, with a
hairbrush in her hand, trying to brush
Marguerite's hair.

Marguerite (in a tone of pure joy)
Nanine! Nanine!
(she dances out of Nanine's reach)

Nanine
I thought you wanted your hair done --

Marguerite
I do! ... How long have they been gone --?

Nanine
A little more than half an hour.

CONTINUED:

Marguerite

Fine same supper for M. Duval. And tell the servants they can go to bed.

Nanine

They've gone ... but I've got a tray ready for the two of you --

Marguerite

Good Nanine! Darling Nanine! Perfect Nanine!
(then she stops and listens)
That was the door!

Nanine goes quickly. Marguerite looks at herself in the mirror, sees the piano, seats herself prettily, and begins to play, looking at the door all the time, with excited, expectant eyes.

After an instant we see Marguerite's expression change to one of blank disappointment, her fingers fall on the keys which make a loud discord in the room.

TURN CAMERA TO SHOW

De Varville entering.

de Varville

Good-evening, my dear.

(glancing about)

You've lost no time in celebrating my departure, I see.

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SHOT

Showing Marguerite still at the piano and de Varville sauntering towards her.

Marguerite (in a flat, harsh voice)

So you didn't go to Russia ... I had an idea you wouldn't.

de Varville

No. You may flatter yourself I can't do without you. (after driving most of the day, I turned round and drove most of the night, back.)

Mr.
Lewis'
Cut.

Nanine enters with tray arranged for two.
She stops suddenly seeing de Varville.

de Varville (taking in the situation quickly)

What's this? More supper? For two? Whom were you expecting?

CONTINUED:

Marguerite (sharply)
You! Put it there, Nanine.
(then to de Varville, shrugging)
I've learned never to believe any man when he
says he's leaving town. Sit down and eat something.

Nanine, who has placed the tray on a small
table, goes, with a quick uneasy look at
Marguerite.

De Varville
I'm not hungry.

Marguerite (beginning to play softly)
Then drink something.

de Varville
Come, and drink with me.

Marguerite
I'm not thirsty.

de Varville
I am.
(he pours himself some wine, watching
her as she plays. He holds up the glass)

Marguerite (shortly)
Thanks ...
(then petulantly, as she plays, making
mistakes and trying to correct them)
It's this part that's so difficult. I hate all
these sharps.
(she tries the phrase over again.)

de Varville
I'm afraid your mind's not on it.
(he pours himself another drink)

Marguerite (stops playing)
You know quite well, I've never been able to play
it. But you play it beautifully.
(she gets up)

de Varville
My one merit.

Marguerite
Come and sit down and play it for me.

de Varville
Aren't you tired? It's very late.
(suspiciously)
Probably you're wishing I'd go home.

CONTINUED:

Marguerite
No, no; please play it.

He takes her place at the piano and she moves nervously about the room. He begins to play.

Nanine enters the room again, with an uneasy glance, on the pretext of bringing a shawl for Marguerite.

Marguerite (murmuring)
Oh, thank you, Nanine
(as Nanine puts it round her shoulders she whispers)
Bolt the door!
(Nanine nods, showing she understands)
And if the doorbell rings, don't answer it.

Nanine
No, no -- don't be afraid - I won't!

De Varville stops playing.

de Varville
Are you two through whispering?

Marguerite (turning from Nanine and coming toward the piano)
I'm sorry, I was giving Nanine some orders.

de Varville
I don't doubt it.

Marguerite (with insincere charm)
No play nicely --
(she leans over the piano as he begins to play)

CUT TO:

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88 SHOT OF ARMAND

fitting the key into the door. As he turns it -

89 SHOW

Nanine, on the other side of the door, bolting it.

90 SHOW - ARMAND

trying to open the door. Then realizing that the bolt has been shot into place, he hesitates, unwilling to believe he is not wanted. He

CONTINUED:

puts the key in his pocket, and finds the camellia he has crushed and carried away. Looking at it, he hopes there has been a mistake and after an instant rings the bell. We hear the bell ... he waits. There is no answer. He turns, wondering still, what has gone wrong and starts to go away. Outside it is raining. Suddenly he is aware of a carriage at the curb and of de Varville's coachman and footman nodding on the box. He straightens himself angrily.

Armand

Of course!

(then with forced gaiety, to the horses)

I remember you! And I hope you remember me!

(then to the coachman who suddenly sits up, blinking down at him)

And you!

(then to the empty carriage, with a sweeping bow)

And I remember you, too - Baron de Varville!

Then, flinging the camellia with a gesture of disgust into the gutter, he turns and walks rapidly away in the falling rain.

DISSOLVE TO:

== Script Fly.com ==

91

INT. OF ARMAND'S ROOMS

He still wears his evening clothes which are dripping wet and is writing by the light of a candle ... He writes a letter, tears it up and writes another. At last he is satisfied with the effect, folds it, takes the key Marguerite has given him out of his pocket, puts it in the envelope, seals it and addresses it. The envelope lies face up on his table and we see that it is addressed to:

Mr. Lewis' cut.

"Madame Marguerite Gautier,
9, Rue d'Antrin"

?

Probably good

Then he takes off his damp coat, heaps all the letters he has begun and torn up, in the fireplace, lays a bundle of twigs, so characteristic of Paris on the papers and lights a fire. As the flames burn, we see bits of paper addressed to "Madame Gautier", other bits, to "Marguerite" and we read phrases among the flames which tell us what he has tried to say.

91

CONTINUED (2)

The phrases run:

"I am not rich enough nor poor enough
to accept such treatment."

"I am not old enough nor young enough
to care for a woman who ..."

"You have honored me with discourtesies
from the moment we met"

"A man is a fool who is willing to
sacrifice all dignity..."

"I prefer to go away and forget you..."
Armand hangs his dripping coat in front of the
fire, then he takes off his wet shoes, pours
the water out of them, steps into some slip-
pers and drags from a wardrobe a large valise.

DISSOLVE TO:

92

MARGUERITE'S BEDROOM - MIDMORNING

She sits up in bed writing a note. Nanine
enters with a tray on which there are coffee
and rolls.

Marguerite (abruptly to Nanine)
Are there are two "l's" in "apology"?

Nanine looks baffled, but she replies with
the familiarity with which she addresses
Marguerite when they are alone.

Nanine
How would I know? I'm not a scholar.

Marguerite
But you've been to school. Six years ago I
couldn't even write my own name.

Nanine
I must say nobody would ever guess it to look at
you -- so lady-like.

Marguerite (bluntly)
Can't you find out from somebody in the house if
there are two "l's" in "apology"?

Nanine
I'll see, Madame. I never knew you to take so much
trouble over a letter before. Oh! --
(she reaches into her pocket and draws out
the letter we have seen on Armand's table)
This came for you before you woke up.
(then Nanine goes)

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED (2)

Marguerite opens the letter quickly. Her key falls out and clatters onto the portfolio on her lap. She takes one glance at the letter and then calls quickly:

Marguerite

Nanine!

(Nanine returns)
(harshly)

Don't bother to ask how to spell those words, Nanine. It's not necessary now.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE GARDEN ADJOINING ARMAND'S FATHER'S HOUSE

in a provincial town, some distance from Paris.

A long table has been set out under a tree for mid-day dinner, and the family has come directly from church to celebrate the first communion made by Marie-Jeanette, the thirteen-year-old daughter of the house.

She and her god-mother, a tall, proud-looking woman, in black, stand together; a priest stands near.

Madame Duval, full of love, pride, and concern, is standing at the foot of the table, and claps her hands to make herself heard. Armand stands next to her.

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Mr. Lewis' cut which I protest

Madame Duval (as everyone does stop chattering to listen)
Pleaso! Sit down, everyone. The soup will be cold. Let your god-mother take your veil now, Marie-Jeanette, and then both of you come and sit down.

Duval (taking the child's face between his hands)
One moment; I want one more look at her - as she was when she made her first communion.
(then he bends and kisses her brow)
God keep you always so pure and so happy, my child.

DISSOLVE TO:

96

ONE SHOT OF THE ELDER DUVAL

on his feet at one end of the table with
a champagne glass in his hand.

97

GROUP SHOT OF THE TABLE \

A servant is passing fruit. Madame Duval has
a coffee pot in front of her.

CUT BACK TO:

98

ONE SHOT OF THE ELDER DUVAL

Duval

On this happy occasion, I ask you all to rise and
drink toasts to the happiness of this family --

99

GROUP SHOT

As everyone drinks the toast. Armand rises.

Armand

(as CAMERA FOCUSES on Louise and Valentin)
And may I propose the happiness of my dear sister
and my dear friend -- Louise and Valentin, who have
had the luck to know each other from childhood, and
now are soon to be man and wife.

Louise and Valentin look at each other self-
consciously, but proudly and happily, as the
others click their glasses, and repeat:

Voices

To Louise and Valentin!

Valentin

(rising, and swallowing several times
before speaking)

Thank you, everybody.

He kisses Louise on the forehead and then drops
into his seat amid the laughter and the hand-
clasps of the others.

Mme. Duval

(leaving her place and going to a very
old little lady who has sat between
Duval and the Priest)

And now, mamma, you must go in for your nap.
(the priest gives her his arm)

Priest

Take my arm, mamma --

CONTINUED:

Old Mamma Duval
Such a happy day...

The priest leads her into the house. Madame Duval finds Louise at her side.

Louise
Please, mamma, may I show Valentin the cherry trees?

Madame Duval
Certainly, my child. Your Aunt Henriette will go with you.

Louise
Thank you, mamma.

Aunt Henriette, a little dark, plump lady, responds to Madame Duval's signal to act as chaperone, and follows Louise and Valentin walking primly side by side down a garden path.

100

TWO SHOT OF ARMAND AND HIS FATHER

Duval
I'm glad you got here, my boy, even if you weren't in time to go with us to church.

Armand
I'm afraid I came for a purely selfish reason --

Duval (knowingly)
Are you in debt?

Armand (with a short laugh)
No, father. It's not that.

Duval
Are you in love?

Armand (lying)
Wrong again.

Duval
Well?

Armand
I want to travel.

Duval
Where?

Armand (vaguely)
Oh, anywhere, everywhere...I'm tired of waiting about for the Foreign office to give me a post. Besides, if I ever get one, the more I know of the world, the better.

CONTINUED:

Duval

It might not be a bad idea. But your income won't let you go far, in any great style.

Armand

I could use some of the principal.

Duval

You'll do nothing of the sort! Your grandfather's legacy mustn't be touched. However --
(laying a hand on his shoulder; cheerily)
I've a few thousand francs I can spare.

Armand

You mean you'll give me the money --?

Duval

Why not? I don't know where else you'd get it. And you're not such a bad son...How soon do you want to start?

Armand

At once...If I get back to Paris tomorrow -- the next morning.

DISSOLVE TO:

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101

ARMAND'S ROOMS IN PARIS

It is evening and the lamps and the fires are lighted. The entire room is littered with luggage. Bags are open, a trunk is half-packed and Armand himself, with his coat off, is wrapping miniatures of his mother and sisters for packing. There is a knock on the door.

Armand (indifferently)

Come in.

Prudence enters, puffing. She is dressed for the evening. He cannot speak for an instant, in his surprise at seeing her.

Prudence

Why on earth does anyone live four flights up?

Armand

(collecting his wits, not answering her for a moment)

Madame Prudence! You've come with a message?

Prudence

(nodding assent but still puffing)

Yes, but I've got to sit down before I can talk --

CONTINUED:

He places a chair for her.

Armand

(almost as breathless as Prudence)

From -- from -- Madame Gautier?

Prudence (at last)

Yes -- the girl's a fool. She wants to know if you're really starting out to see the world, as you wrote her, yesterday.

Armand

Yes. It's true. I leave tomorrow morning.

Prudence

Good. You and Marguerite are safer apart.

There is another knock on the door, but before he can open it, Marguerite herself enters and stands against the casement, as if she were tired, clinging to the door-knob for support while she laughs at her own weakness.

Prudence (scolding her)

Didn't I tell you to wait in the carriage? I said I'd explain what you wanted explained.

Marguerite

(abruptly looking about at the luggage)

So you are really going away, Armand Duval?

Armand

Yes.

Marguerite

Go down and wait in the carriage yourself, Prudence.

Prudence (rising promptly)

Very well, since I'm not wanted here --

(then she sits down again, determinedly)

No; I think I'd better stay.

Marguerite (sharply)

I think you had better not.

She takes Prudence's bag out of her hand, goes to the window, opens it wide and turns back, speaking mischievously.

Marguerite

There's not much time to lose if you want it back.

Prudence (screaming)

Don't Marguerite! Don't!

(but Marguerite lets the purse fall)

What a girl! What a tease!

CONTINUED:

She is out of the door like lightning, and we see her almost falling down the stairs, while Marguerite and Armand laugh. Presently, Armand closes the door and turns a serious face to Marguerite.

Marguerite (softly, chidingly)
You wrote me an unkind letter.

Armand
What did you expect? I saw the Baron's carriage.

Marguerite (after an instant)
You were jealous.

Armand
Of course!

Marguerite (after another instant)
Then you're quite right to go away...I'll help you pack your things...

Armand (bitterly)
So you want me to go?

Marguerite (wavering a little)
It was your idea; not mine.

Armand
After all, what does it matter whether I go or stay? I played the fool again, and you've probably been laughing at me ever since.

Marguerite (gently)
No, my dear, I haven't laughed at all...I've been angry because you dared to write such things to me - but I haven't laughed.

Armand
You should have known it was because I loved you.

Marguerite
(seating herself; abruptly)
Come here...sit down...

(she puts her hand under his chin and speaks half-teasingly, half-tenderly)
I once had a little dog who looked sad when I was sad; and I loved him - so much. And when I felt your tears on my hand, I loved you, too, all at once. But there are too many things you can't understand...that's why it's better if you go away.

Armand (abruptly; meaningly)
Let me send Prudence away.

CONTINUED:

Marguerite
Why? She can wait...Give me orders, please.
Tell me what goes in this valise, Monsieur.
And what in this?

Armand (trying to take her tone)
Don't bother; just throw anything you see in either.

Marguerite
(as if she had not heard, picking up the
miniatures)
Are you taking these?

(with a shade of jealousy)
Who is this pretty girl?

Armand
My sister, Louise.

Marguerite (in a different voice)
And this?

Armand
My other sister.

Marguerite
And this is your mother?

Armand
Yes.

Marguerite (looking at the picture)
She looks happy...Does your father love her very
much?

Armand (simply)
Of course.

Marguerite
They must have been married a long time.

Armand
Nearly thirty years.

Marguerite
(incredulously; tenderly)
And they've loved each other all that time?

Armand
You sound as though you didn't believe it.

Marguerite
It is hard for me to believe there's such happiness
in the world.

CONTINUED:

Armand

But it's true -- Marguerite! You're crying --

He has her in his arms; she begins to laugh at herself.

Marguerite

If it isn't you -- it's I -- who's silly --

Armand

Marguerite --

He kisses her. Then she disengages herself from his arms and picks up her bag from the table.

Marguerite (giving him the envelope containing his letter)

Here's your unkind letter -- never write to me like that again.

Armand, unable to speak, takes it, tears it in two, and throws it on the fire.

Armand

I never will. I swear it.

Marguerite

And here's the key you sent back... I'll have the bolts taken off.

Again he takes her in his arms, and they cling together desperately, but without kissing

DISSOLVE TO:

102

BOIS SCENE

A LITTLE CHALLET IN THE BOIS -

where people stop for fresh milk in the morning. Armand and Marguerite are at table. The proprietor is serving them himself, straining fresh milk into two glasses.

Marguerite (feeling her glass with both hands)

It's still warm! This is the first time I've had milk warm from the cow since I left the country.

Armand

It's good for you. You must drink two glasses.

Marguerite

If I didn't know this was still Paris, I'd think we were in the country. It smells like the country

CONTINUED:

Armand
That's because the dew is still on everything.
(abruptly)
Marguerite --

Marguerite
Yes?

Armand
Let me take you to the country.

Marguerite
Of course, any day you like.

Armand
I mean, let me take you for the summer!

Marguerite
For the summer? What nonsense.

Armand
Nonsense? Why nonsense?

Marguerite
Because it's impossible.

Armand
Why is it impossible?

Marguerite
It's not practical.

Armand
But wouldn't a summer in the country do you a great deal of good?

Marguerite (quietly)
So the doctors say.

Armand
Then why isn't it practical?

Marguerite (impatiently)
Because it costs money.

Armand
But I have money, Marguerite.

Marguerite (indulgently)
Yes, and how much?

Armand
Seven thousand francs a year, income.

CONTINUED:

Marguerite

(with some amusement and some regret)

I spend more than that a month, and have never been too particular where it comes from, as you probably know.

Armand

(after a second's hesitation, sharply)

Give up the Baron.

Marguerite (startled)

What!

Armand (stubbornly)

I want you to give up the Baron. I don't want you to ever see him again.

Marguerite

You are difficult! The other night you were willing to promise anything - everything, if I'd love you only a little.

Armand

But now I want all your love and I promise nothing except to be desperately jealous of you as long as I live.

Marguerite (hopelessly)

My dear -- it's hard to be angry with you, but --
(then bluntly)
Don't talk like a fool!

Armand (sharply)

Fool or not, I'm in love with you. And you've got to understand my position. A summer in the country alone with you would be heaven -- but that's not all I want, or why I want it. I realize you need more than love. You need care. And I can give you that.

Marguerite

But --

(she falters,,and doesn't speak)

Armand (continuing)

It's true I haven't much money, but I have enough for a little house for you, and a room at the nearest inn for myself.

Marguerite

Have you any idea what you're asking, Armand?

Armand

Yes. I'm asking you to forget your fine house, your servants, your parties -- and all the people you don't really care for and who don't care for you, but I'm offering you the chance of getting well and

CONTINUED:

Armand (continued)

strong again -- and of being quiet, and being happy.

Marguerite (dreamily)

Ah, to be quiet, to be happy, to be loved. That's what I've always dreamed of.

Armand

After you're well again, I won't try to tell you what to do. But we'll always have this one summer to look back to, no matter what happens afterwards.

Marguerite (wavering)

How can one change one's entire past and build one's whole future on one moment of love? And yet that's what you make me want to close my eyes, and do.

Armand (triumphantly)

Then close your eyes! I command it!

He leans over, as she closes her eyes, and kisses her. Suddenly both laugh; then kiss again; then laugh.

DISSOLVE TO:

== Script Fly.com == 103

THE ENTRANCE HALL OF MARGUERITE'S APARTMENT

The bell is ringing. Nanine goes to the door, passing a man in uniform of a messenger of the court, who sits waiting in a chair, a document in his hand. Nanine opens the door and Marguerite enters. She has come directly from the Bois.

Marguerite (joyfully)

Nanine! Nanine! We're going away.

Nanine

(interrupting grimly, a warning note in her voice)

Here's somebody who wants to see you. He insisted on waiting.

She indicates the man who has risen and is approaching Marguerite, the document in his hand.

The Man

Mademoiselle Marguerite Gautier?

Marguerite (nervously)

Yes. What is it?

CONTINUED:

The Man
An order issued by the court.
(he thrusts the paper at her and
then bows as she takes it)
Thank you Madame. I have the honor to wish you
good morning.

Nanine opens the door with a grim smile
and he bows himself out.

Marguerite
Why did you let him in?

Nanine (grimly)
You can't keep a messenger of the court out when
he insists on coming in.

Marguerite
(childishly, almost on the verge
of tears, studying the paper)
But look!

Nanine takes the paper.

Nanine (reading it)
Just as I thought. You're commanded to appear in
court on the 18th, to explain why you haven't paid
certain debts.

Marguerite
(in the same childish miserable tone)
But I can't go to court on the 18th! I'll be in
the country!

FOLLOW THEM WITH CAMERA into the sitting
room as Nanine speaks.

Nanine
You'll have to settle your debts before you leave
Paris, Madame! You owe just under 40,000 francs,
you know.

In the sitting room Marguerite sinks down
and speaks broodingly, helplessly.

Marguerite
(in a low discouraged voice)
I'd forgotten about all my debts. What can I do,
Nanine?

Nanine (grimly)
Tell the Baron.

Marguerite (passionately)
No! I never intend to see the Baron again.
CONTINUED:

Nanine (ironically)
Perhaps Monsieur Duval will lend you the money.

Marguerite (drooping again)
No. He hasn't got it. Beside ---
(softly)
---I don't want to ask him for money.

Nanine
One thing is certain, when your creditors find out that you've thrown over the Baron for a man who's not rich, they'll all be after you in a pack.

Marguerite
But I'll pay them, in time.

Nanine (with a shrug)
If they'll wait...and if you have it... You'd better talk things over with the Baron tonight.

Marguerite
No!

Nanine
Then you'll have to give up any idea of leaving Paris

Marguerite
I won't do that either.

(angrily, more to herself than to Nanine)
Why can't things be perfect just once! Why does something always happen just when one's happy?

Then she rises and walks towards the desk, speaking in a more casual voice.

Marguerite
You'll have to take a note to Monsieur Duval for me. If he asks any questions, be careful what you say. He's very jealous.

103-A

CLOSEUP OF MARGUERITE'S HAND

Writing the letter.

Dear Child,

I'm not very well, so I shall go to bed directly and not see you tonight...

The Baron de Varville strolls into the room. She does not look up. He strolls over to her and looks down.

de Varville
(after an instant)

Busy?

Marguerite
(looking up, pretending to be very much surprised)

Oh, hullo...

(then pointing out a page in the ledger, she continues abruptly)

Tell me -- aren't all these accounts in beautiful order?

de Varville
(drily)

Beautiful...

Marguerite
Don't you think me very business-like?

de Varville
(in that same dry tone)

Very. But why?

Marguerite
Because I've decided that these bills ought to be paid. I need forty thousand francs...Are you going to lend me the money?

de Varville
No.

He turns away and goes over to a card table, picks up a deck of cards, sits down and begins playing solitaire. She rises, follows him and stands opposite him, with the card table between them

Marguerite
Oh, but --
(with an air of charming helplessness)
What shall I do?

de Varville
(watching her jealously; abruptly)
Come to Russia with me -- and you can have as much money as you want.

Marguerite
(petulantly)
If you're my friend, why won't you lend it to me anyhow?

CONTINUED:

de Varville
(frankly)
Because then you might have no further use for me.

He laughs - she laughs.

Marguerite
(brushing the cards off the table and
standing in front of him with an appear-
ance of child-like vexation)
I don't think you're very generous!

de Varville
(abruptly)
Prudence tells me you plan to go to the country
this summer.

Marguerite
(really annoyed)
Prudence is a chatterbox!

de Varville
(cynically)
Living quietly two or three months in the country
alone, obeying your doctor's orders, sounds an
admirable idea -- but extremely unlike you.

Marguerite
(mischievously)
What can you do about it?

de Varville
I can deliberately put you out of my mind.

Marguerite
(with insincere concern)
But why should you?

de Varville
It's become a question of either avoiding you
or taking you out of this life altogether.

Marguerite looks at him in surprise, but
answers lightly, choosing not to take him
seriously.

Marguerite
And what would you do with me? Lock me up in
that gloomy chateau you've got somewhere?

de Varville
(smiling a little at himself)
I might.

CONTINUED:

de Varville (continued)

(then bitterly)

No one has to tell me you've found a playmate for this rustic holiday of yours; it's in your face. But my consolation is that I'm well rid of such a fool.

(Then he sits down at the desk and writes out a draft. She watches him, cat-like, curiously; then he rises and lays the slip of paper in his hand on the table before her; continuing:)

Here is a draft for the forty thousand francs you need. But it's my last act of consideration. If we ever meet again, it will be on a different basis. I never make the same mistake twice.

Marguerite

(indulgently; relaxing)

You're not a bad fellow, you know. Have a good time in Russia -- and thank you so much.

She kisses him on each cheek. But suddenly he steps back, and slaps her across the face with the palm of his hand. The blow is so unexpected and so violent that she reels before falling forward on one knee. Her breath comes fast, sobbingly; and while she still crouches, head bent, on the floor, sobbing angrily, miserably, he turns and walks unhurriedly out of the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

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104

PAN SHOT - OF THE SAME ROOM...
TWO MORNINGS LATER

The shutters are closed against a bright, sunlit day and all the furniture has been "put away" for the summer. Lamps are covered with white paper, chairs and couches with white muslin, the rugs have been rolled to one side; and the various objects d'art either put out of sight or huddled under covers. Nanine is closing and locking the piano. Marguerite enters the shot, wearing her hat and carrying her travelling coat over one arm. She is followed by Jules, a man-servant, lugging a heavy wooden travelling case. Marguerite goes to a window, opens it and lets in a small zone of light which falls on a table within its radius. A doorbell rings.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED (2)

Marguerite
(to Jules)
Put my travelling case here.

With a great effort, he lifts the large wooden box by the brass handles at each end, to the top of the table.

Marguerite
And open the door for Madame Prudence.
That's her ring.

Jules
Yes, Madame.

He goes out.

Marguerite
(to Nanine)
You have the key; come and open this.

Nanine obeys, but speaks grumblingly.

Nanine
I hope that old woman doesn't wheedle any of that money out of you for herself.

Marguerite
Don't worry.

TURN CAMERA to show Prudence entering.

Prudence
(almost breathless, from the stairs,
with excitement)
My dear, you're really off today?

Marguerite
(calmly)
I really am. And I want you to be very clever
and take some money and pay these bills with it.

Prudence
But why don't you pay them yourself, before you go?

Marguerite
I've no time. Besides there's not enough money
to go round and you must give them part of it and
persuade them to wait for the rest.

CONTINUED:

Prudence
(running her eye down the list which
Marguerite hands her)
Umph...forty thousand francs, and a little over...

Marguerite
You can make them very happy with this --

She gives her half the money she has
taken from the box. Nanine is looking
on anxiously.

Prudence
But this is only 20,000 francs --

Nanine
Yes, that's all she can spare.

Prudence
But she's got more there --

Nanine (angrily)
What do you think she'll live on all summer --
if she doesn't keep something back?

Prudence
On love, of course.
(then maliciously)
Still I suppose this Armond Duval must have
something, since he was starting off to see
the world a few days ago, and travelling is
very dear.

Marguerite begins to laugh.

Marguerite
(with childlike glee)
Yes, he was going to see the world -- on 4,000
francs. Four thousand francs, Prudence! Think
of it! He thinks four thousand is as much as
forty. You've often called me a fool about money
matters, but he is a baby -- a tiny baby. That's
why I'm being business-like at last and keeping
part of this money. So I can go behind his back,
so he won't know how much things really cost.

Prudence
(grimly)
Well, all I have to say is --
(maliciously)
-- this holiday of yours may be going to cost you
a great deal more than you expect.

The servant enters.

CONTINUED:

Servant (announcing)
Mademoiselle Nichette, Madame.

Nichette enters, followed by Gustave;
she carries a bunch of flowers.

Nichette (as she enters)
This is Gustave, Marguerite!

Marguerite
How do you do --

Gustave bows, a little self-consciously.

Gustave
Madame --

Nichette
I was determined you two should meet before you
went away.

Prudence
So you dropped what you were doing in the shop
and came calling?

Nichette
Yes, I did -- to kiss Marguerite goodbye -- and
to give her these.

She puts the flowers in Marguerite's hands.

Marguerite
Thank you, my dear.

Nichette
(to Prudence, with a little move)
And now I'll hurry straight back, and work twice
as hard.

Prudence
Good!

Marguerite (holding Nichette's hand)
Wait... Gustave and I haven't had a word with each
other yet. May I congratulate you, Gustave?

Gustave
On what, Madame?

Nichette
On going to be a lawyer so soon, Silly.

Marguerite
No; on having Nichette's love. Take good care of
it always, and when she marries you, she shall have
something of her own to help you start life on. I
will see to that.

CONTINUED:

Nichette
Marguerite --!

Gustave
How good of you, Madame.

Marguerite
(walking Nichette towards the doorway)
Now run along -

Jules appears in the doorway, as they approach.

Jules
The carriage is here, Madame.

Marguerite (radiantly flustered)
Oh --! Goodbye, children -
(she pats them on their backs. Kisses Nichette and waves them out; then whirls round speaking at the same instant)
Get ready, Nanine -
(then she vanishes through the doorway, calling ecstatically:)

Armand!

Armand's Voice
Coming!

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105

TWO SHOT - PRUDENCE AND NANINE -

Prudence
Good of her! Good of her! Giving girls dowries when she can't pay her own bills! It's foolish of her! Not good.

Nanine
For once I agree with you, Madame Prudence.

She closes the travelling case, angrily.

TURN CAMERA TO SHOW -
Marguerite returning, arm in arm with Armand.
They stand smiling at the world.

106-107

GROUP SHOT -

Prudence (abruptly, ironically)
So this is true love, is it?

Marguerite
Whatever it is, it's something I've never known before.

CONTINUED:

Armand

Nor I.

Prudence (bluntly)

And whatever it is, it's something I disapprove of, young man, and everybody else will disapprove of -- in your case. As for her -- words fail me!

Marguerite laughs.

Nanine (grimly)

Nothing was ever cured by talking about it.
(she goes out, lugging the heavy travelling case)

Armand

The sun's bright, the air's warm -- It's just the day for a trip in an open carriage!

Marguerite

Let's start --

Prudence

You might tell me first where you're going --

Marguerite

To heaven, Prudence, to heaven! However, I'll write and tell you how to get there -- if you're good.

DISSOLVE TO:

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108

AN OPEN COACH -

in which Armand and Marguerite are riding, with Nanine, who faces them from the small seat, sitting back to back with the driver. Two outriders are in the back and another coach follows piled high with luggage.

109

CLOSE SHOT -- THE COACH

showing Marguerite asleep on Armand's shoulder. He is trying to wriggle his arm free without disturbing her. Just as he is about to do so, the carriage lurches and she slides still close against him. He and Nanine smile at each other over his predicament. Presently, however, he gets his arm free and we know that it is asleep

Nanine (in a whisper)

Shake it. Hold it down, instead of up.

CONTINUED:

He shakes his arm violently. Nanine cranes her neck round and suddenly exclaims aloud:

Nanine
Oh, Monsieur, look!

They are crossing a charming bridge.
Marguerite stirs on Armand's shoulder.

Marguerite
(lifting her head and blinking)
Hullo, are we there?

Armand
Not yet.

Nanine (enthusiastically)
But look, Madame, you're missing all the beautiful views.

Marguerite (drowsily)
To the devil with your beautiful view...I'm --

She is already asleep again on Armand's shoulder.

Nanine (whispering)
It's the first time for months I've seen her sleep like that. It's good air and leaving all her worries behind, I'm sure.

Marguerite, sleeping like a child, suddenly snores. Armand laughs and holds her closer.

DISSOLVE TO:

110 THE COURTYARD OF A SMALL PLEASANT CHATEAU

It is getting dark. The usual large dog on the long chain, guards the doorway. Suddenly he begins to leap and bark.

CUT TO:

111 THE COACH

stopping in the road outside

Armand
We're here.

Nanine (looking at the house and speaking with some reserve)
It doesn't look very big.

CONTINUED:

Armand (bluntly)

It isn't.

(then he speaks to Marguerite,
shaking her gently)

Marguerite, we're here.

Marguerite opens her eyes, stretches a little and promptly falls asleep again. Armand laughs. One of the out-riders has opened the low half-door of the carriage, and stands waiting. A smiling woman-servant, followed by a man-servant, come out of the courtyard. Both wear the sabots and country dress of their province.

Nanine (leaning toward Marguerite)

Wake up, Madame.

Armand

'Ssh -- let her sleep. All night, if she can.

He stands up in the coach with Marguerite in his arms and steps out. The servants make a clumsy curtsy as he disappears into the gateway, followed by Nanine, lugging Marguerite's heavy traveling case. The man-servant springs forward to take it.

Nanine

No, no, help with the other luggage. I always carry this myself, thanks.

(the woman-servant has opened the door. The dog leaps about, and starts barking again.)

'Ssh --

Armand (to the dog)

(the dog stops barking and wags its tail)

Marguerite stirs slightly, but composes herself with a long sigh very comfortably on Armand's shoulder and sleeps on; as he carries her into the house.

DISSOLVE TO:

MARGUERITE'S BEDROOM IN THE LITTLE CHATEAU

She awakens suddenly and looks about as if not knowing where she is. The early morning sun comes through the closed shutters. Suddenly she remembers and seeing a bell hanging above her head, after an instant's sleepy hesitation pulls it.

CONTINUED:

TURN CAMERA to show -

Nanine entering. She is in a voluminous night-gown and nightcap and is yawning.

Nanine (anxiously)
Are you ill --?

Marguerite
Ill? Not at all. Why should you think I'm ill?

Nanine
Because you're awake at this time of the morning.

Marguerite
Well, I'm not ill, and I am awake and I want to get up.

(looking about the room)
I suppose I'm not dreaming. We're really here, aren't we?

Nanine (grimly)
We are, indeed. And if I'm not mistaken, you'll soon wish you were back in your comfortable house in Paris. M. Duval -- or no M. Duval... This place is nothing but a hut. There are no gas lights and you have to fetch every drop of water from the reservoir and heat it on a stove. You can't sleep at night on account of the birds. And before the sun was up, there was a big noise like more birds only worse - chickens, I suppose!

Marguerite laughs contentedly.

Nanine
(continuing in an aggrieved tone of voice)
As for the linen on the beds, it's so coarse - it scratched me all night!

Marguerite (yawning contentedly)
I never slept better in my life. How far is the inn where Monsieur Duval is staying?

Nanine (still in a very bad humor)
How do I know, Madame? But he said he'd be over early to take you on a tour of inspection.

Marguerite rings the bell twice.

Marguerite
I'm so hungry. Isn't this air delicious?

Nanine (continuing in her own vein)
What there is to inspect, I can't imagine. I didn't see much that I'd care to look at twice last night.

CONTINUED:

Marguerite (looking round the room,
with the same contented, yawning air)
What a heavenly room --!

Suddenly somebody kicks the door open and
Therese, the woman-servant we saw before,
enters with a tray. On the tray, like an
island in the center, is a huge bowl and
beside the bowl a stack of four brioches and
a pat of butter.

Nanine
Good heavens, you scared me. Can't you knock
properly?

Therese (cluttering across the room
in her wooden shoes to Marguerite's bed)
Not with my hands full. Besides, a wooden shoe
makes a better noise than your bare knuckles.
(with more respect to Marguerite and a
little countrified bob)
Good morning, Madame. The young gentleman said
you were to have milk fresh from the cow for your
breakfast. And -

Nanine
Madame likes coffee as soon as she's awake.

Marguerite
Not in the country, I like milk better.
Nanine disappears, looking sour.

Therese (lingering)
At ten o'clock, when it's time to have a bite again,
It'll do you a couple of nice fresh eggs.

Marguerite (who has not stopped
drinking the bowl of milk, which she
clutches in both hands like a child,
lifts her head up to ask suddenly,
professionally)
What kind of cows do you keep?

Therese
Jersey.
Marguerite
I thought so. They give the best milk. What do
you feed them?

Therese
This time of year they get plenty of red clover,
besides fresh hay and brand mash.

Marguerite
And later on you give them beets, I suppose, and
alfalfa.

Therese
Oh, yes. And my husband's very particular to see
they're treated proper and not run off their feet.
You've got to treat cows very kind.

Marguerite (whimsically)
I know...I'll take them out walking some day myself
...I like cows.

DISSOLVE TO:

Marguerite and Armand, hand in hand, move about the room. There are several bad portraits of a provincial French family, some good landscapes and glass globes under which are figures and flowers of wax.

Some beautiful pieces of fine French provincial furniture are mixed with humbler objects. There is a checked linen cover on the center table, the chairs are stiff and stiffly arranged. There is a hanging lamp from the ceiling and the curtains are looped formally back at the long French windows which open, however, into an enchanting garden.

Armand
It's not very beautiful --

Marguerite
(interrupting him, still in high spirits)
I don't like rooms that are too beautiful. I like this. Now we must see what's outside.

They step through the window into the garden. Suddenly, she pauses and draws him to her and kisses him impulsively.

Marguerite
There -- Happy-face!

DISSOLVE TO:

114

A SMALL ROUND RESERVOIR

built of brick like an enormous well. A horse is attached to the ropes in such a way that they bring up pails of water as he continues in a circle round the high sides of the reservoir. Marguerite and Armand enter the SHOT.

Armand (grandly)
And this is the water supply, Mademoiselle --

Marguerite
It's like a merry-go-round. I want to ride. Give me your hand, Monsieur.

Armand puts his hand out and Marguerite steps into it, mounts, and settles herself on the horse's back. The horse accepts the burden a matter of course, but Marguerite is so delighted by her adventure that she begins to sing as she rides round and round.

CONTINUED:

EN PASSANT PAR LA LORRAINE

1. En passant par la Lorraine. avec mes sabots,
(repeat)

Recontre trois capitaines.
Avec mes sabots dondaine, oh,oh,avec mes
sabots!

2. Ils m'ont appelee vilaine, avec mes sabots,
(repeat)

Je ne suis pas si vilaine,
Avec mes sabots dondaine oh,oh,oh,avec mes
sabots!

3. Je ne suis pas si vilaine avec mes sabots,
(repeat)

Puisque le fils du roi m'aime
Avec mes sabots dondaine oh,oh,oh,avec mes
sabots!

4. Puisque le fils du Roi m'aime mes sabots,
(repeat)

Il m'a donne pour etrennes,
Un bouquet de marjolaines oh,oh,oh,avec mes
sabots!

DISSOLVE TO:

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115

A WALK THROUGH THE MEADOWS

outside the courtyard. Marguerite gathers
field flowers. Armand has a book under his
arm. Suddenly she throws herself on the
ground.

Marguerite (ecstatically)
Look! I found a four leaf clover! It's my
first good luck!

She picks the four leaf clover. He kneels
down beside her.

Marguerite
(as if a miracle had happened)
When I was little, I used to hunt for them
everywhere, thinking they'd change everything!
(then impulsively she holds it out
to Armand)
You have it -- it's yours!

Armand
Of course not. It's yours.

CONTINUED:

Marguerite

It will bring you luck. Four leaf clovers always bring luck. Ask anybody.

Armand (protesting, smiling)

But it means something to you, Marguerite. You believe in it.

Marguerite

That's why I'm giving it to you.

(presenting it with a great gesture;
on her knees)

I give my good luck to you, all the good luck
I'm ever going to have -- with all my love.

A bell is heard ringing. Marguerite springs
up and puts out her hand.

Marguerite

Come, we must have our four o'clock bite. I'm
hungry again.

Armand

Good!

CUT TO:

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116

A TABLE FOR TWO -

placed under a tree in the garden. Therese
has arranged the table, on which is a load of
bread, a fresh cheese and a bottle of wine.
Therese is ringing a bell. She disappears out
of the SHOT, still ringing it. Marguerite
and Armand enter the SHOT from the opposite
direction. Both are rather breathless, from
having hurried.

Marguerite

Oh, this is nice! Look, cheese!

(still standing, she digs her finger into
the cheese and eats it with the air of a
connoisseur)

It's good.

(then in a low, intimate voice)

But I could make better.

Armand

(laughing, as he pours the wine, still
standing)

You?

CONTINUED:

Marguerite (as they sit)
Ymph-hm. Also, I know a few things about soup,
which everybody doesn't. And I have quite a way
with ducks and geese. In fact, I'd make a very
good wife -- for a farmer.

Armand (quietly, sincerely)
You'd make a good wife for anyone.

She looks at him quickly, as if not sure he
means what he has said. When she sees that
he does, she smiles, while tears cover her
eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

117

A ROAD - TWILIGHT

Armand and Marguerite are walking arm in
arm, their hands clasped, saying little.
She wears the same dress she has worn through
the preceding scenes. Suddenly she stops.

Armand (anxiously)
Tired?

Marguerite
Only nicely tired. Let's go as far as the top
of the hill and see what's beyond.

Armand
I don't care what's behind, do you?

Marguerite
No.
(impulsively she kisses him and then
they go on. At the top of the hill,
they stop with exclamations of surprise
and pleasure)
Look!

Beyond on a height, stands a great chateau.

Armand
What a fine sight in this light.

Marguerite
I should think it would be a fine sight anytime.
It looks like the castle of a king. I used to
think how wonderful it would be just to see
inside a great chateau like that.
(she puts her hand on her chest, draw-
ing a long breath)

CONTINUED:

Armand
You are tired!

Marguerite
It's only that I'm not used to long country walks,
yet.

A smart looking servant in livery, driving
a small trap enters the SHOT from the dir-
ection of the chateau.

Marguerite (to Armand)
Do you suppose he'd give us a ride back?

Armand
Wait -
(he steps into the road and signals
for the driver to stop)

Driver (pleasantly)
Good-evening, Monsieur.

Armand
Good-evening. Are you going any distance?

Driver
As far as the village, Monsieur.

Armand
Good. Could you take us along, part of the way?

Driver
With pleasure, Monsieur, Madame.

Marguerite
Thank you.
(as Armand helps her into the trap)
We walked much farther than we realized.

Driver
One can do that, easy, on such a beautiful
evening.

Armand
(making conversation as they drive
away)
One can indeed... By the way, can you tell us
whose chateau that is?

Driver (with a laugh)
It's plain you're strangers, or you'd know it
belongs to my master, the Baron de Varville. But
as he spends most of his time in Paris, we don't
see much of him here.

Armand's face hardens, but she coaxes a
kiss and at last a smile from him, as they
ride on.

DISSOLVE TO:

- showing letters addressed: "Monsieur Armand Duval" during months of June, July and August, accumulating in a stack on the dusty table of his shuttered and deserted rooms in Paris.

DISSOLVE TO:

121

THE ELDER DUVAL'S GARDEN -

Duval sits in a chair beneath a tree reading Le Matin for August the 30th, 1846. Suddenly we hear Marie Jeanette's voice.

Marie Jeanette's Voice

Papa! Papa!

(the child comes running into the SHOT, waving a letter and calling out:)

A letter from Armand, Papa!

She is followed by Madame Duval, carrying a towel which she has been embroidering, and by Louise, who has a bit of lace and the hoop upon which she is making it, in her hand. All flutter into an excited group.

Louise

It really is from Armand, Papa! I saw the writing on the envelope.

Duval, who has risen, opens the letter and is reading. As he begins to read, he holds up his hand.

Duval

'Ssh!

Madame Duval (to the others)

'Sssh, children.

(but she adds, herself, as Duval reads the letter)

Has he been ill? Is he well?

Duval

Of course he's well.... I wish you wouldn't worry about the boy so much.

Madame Duval

Then why hasn't he written all summer?

CONTINUED:

Duval (indulgently)
He has his reasons. Young men often find something better to do than writing to their parents -- unfortunately.

But as he resumes reading, the expression on his face changes, and grows troubled.

Madame Duval (anxiously)
What does he say?

Duval
He wants to take the money his grandfather left him out of my hands entirely.

Madame Duval
What!

(he hands her the letter. She takes one glance at it then turns to her daughter-tactfully)
Go back and practice your music lesson, Marie Jeanette.

Marie Jeanette turns and walks slowly and dejectedly into the house. There is a silence while Madame Duval watches Duval anxiously, as he paces up and down. Presently she signals to Louise, who rises quietly and slips away.

Duval (bitterly, out of the pause which follows)
That's why he condescended to write at last. He wants his money -- all of it.

Madame Duval
What are you going to do?

Duval (as before)
I don't know... I don't know...

Again he begins pacing back and forth, frowning in thought.

DISSOLVE TO:

A PAN SHOT OF MARGUERITE'S GARDEN -

Under "the canopy of heaven" erected for the occasion and decorated with flowers and greens, is the altar of the Church, with candles burning against the green background, although it is near noon and the day is very fine.

CONTINUED:

Nichette, exquisitely dressed, and Gustave, stand before the altar while the village priest unites them in marriage. Two altar boys in the robes of their office assist the priest, one holding a small silver plate on which are two wedding rings. At a harmonium which has been placed a short distance away, the old sacristan plays very softly in accompaniment to the priest's words.

The village singers stand on each side of the harmonium, the men in one group, the women in another, both in provincial dress, and in a separate group, stands the choir boys in their robes.

Listening to the ceremony are Marguerite, Nanine, Prudence, Therese and one or two friends of Nichette's in one group. While distinctly separated from them, stands Armand, Gaston, and several villagers.

The occasion is both merry and grave. Marguerite, Prudence and the two girls who are friends of the bride, wear hats. Nanine wears a bonnet and Therese also wears the headdress of her province. The women singers also wear the headdress of their provincial costumes. All the men's heads are uncovered.

The priest has been blessing two rings held by the altar boy on a silver tray, while the choir boys chant softly:

Priest (making the sign of the cross with his hand)

Amen.

(he sprinkles the rings with holy water, and picking them up off the tray, recites:)

Adjutorium nostrum in nomine, Domini --

CUT TO:

123

CLOSE SHOT OF MARGUERITE

Tears are falling on her clasped hands. The priest's voice is heard continuing the prayer.

CUT TO:

124

CLOSE SHOT OF ARMAND

watching her. Their eyes meet, while the priest continues to intone the blessing, and the choir boys chant, after him.

125

SHOT OF CEREMONY

The choir boys cease chanting and there is deep silence while the priest sprinkles the rings with holy water again, and gives one to Gustave. He puts it on Nichette's finger and repeats these words after the priest:

Priest

With this ring, I thee wed and I plight unto thee my troth.

Gustave

With this ring I thee wed and I plight unto thee my troth.

Nichette then takes the other ring from the tray and places it on Gustave's finger. Then they drop on their knees before the priest, as he extends his hand and bends his head to pray.

Priest

Cremus: Respice, quaesumus, Domine --

DISSOLVE INTO:

126

PAN SHOT SHOWING EVERYONE KNEELING

Priest's Voice

-- super has famulos tuos; et institutis --

127

SHOT OF CEREMONY AGAIN

Priest (continuing)

-- tuus, quibus propagationem humani generis ordinasti generis ordinasti, benignus assiste, ut qui te auctore junguntur te auxiliante serventur, per Christum Dominum nostrum, Amen.

CONTINUED:

Then while they still remain kneeling, he turns to the altar and genuflects. The altar boys do the same and then precede the priest who follows them from the altar. FOLLOW altar boys and priest with CAMERA through garden to the house. TURN CAMERA FOR SHOT of Nichette and Gustave as they rise and he kisses her. Gaston and Prudence are the first to congratulate them.

Gaston (whose eyes are full of tears)
 Congratulations, child. I don't know why I should be crying, but I am.

(to Gustave, as he kisses him on each cheek)
 Congratulations, young man.

Prudence (to Gustave)
 Contragulations, my boy.
 (to Nichette)

What a pity all Paris couldn't see your dress. We never sent a prettier one out of the shop. Congratulations, my dear. Why is everybody crying?
 (she wipes her own eyes)

And kissing?

(she kisses a tall villager who is wiping his eyes - murmuring emotionally)

Wasn't it beautiful?

(and as an afterthought)
 Who are you?

The Man (proudly, with a bow)
 Madame's butcher, Madame.

CUT TO:

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SHOT OF MARGUERITE

who has been deeply moved, turning away to compose herself, then walking alone, with just a trace of hesitation towards the altar. Nichette sees her and rushes towards her, and flings herself into her arms.

Nichette
 Darling Marguerite! Thank you! Thank you so much!

Marguerite
 Dear good little Nichette!

Nichette (tearfully)
 You've made me feel like a princess! With a fine wedding-dress and a dowry and such a beautiful, beautiful wedding!

Armand enters the shot; Gustave follows.

CONTINUED:

Armand
I must kiss the bride, too.

Marguerite
And I the happy bridegroom!

She laughs and kisses Gustave on each cheek;
Armand kisses Nichette on the forehead...All
laugh on the verge of tears.

DISSOLVE TO:

1204

PAN SHOT

Showing a table under the trees. Wearing her veil, thrown back, Nichette sits beside Gustave. On his other side is Marguerite. Next to her is Gaston; then Prudence; then Armand next to the bride. Beyond in the courtyard the villagers are dancing and drinking beer which Therese and her husband serve them, but their revels do not disturb the scene.

In the background is the altar.

Nichette (with a glass in her hand,
very happy and talkative)
Before we go you must all promise to come and see our flat - and after you've seen it - and our beautiful garden - we'll make you laugh by telling you how little we pay.

Prudence
Garden?

Nichette
Of course, it's not our own; but we look straight down on it from our windows - so we can imagine it's ours, can't we?

Gaston (indulgently)
You sound like a romantic German novel - by Goethe perhaps - with music by Schubert.

Nichette (vaguely)
Is that a joke?

Marguerite
If it is, it's a very pretty joke.

Gustave
But I must warn you that we're five long flights up.

Gaston has risen and slipped round behind Nichette and is taking her veil from her head, as Gustave continues, and Nichette listens, too engrossed in what he is saying to realize at once what Gaston is doing.

CONTINUED:

Gustave (continuing)

As we come up in the word, however, we'll move down flight by flight until we can step out into a garden of our own.

Gaston has slipped round the table with the veil, and now puts it on the head of Prudence.

Nichette

(putting her hand to her head, in a panic)
Oh - what have you done - !

Prudence

(putting her hand up to the veil)
What's this!

(she takes the veil off; scolding him)
Trying to make me look a fool, are you! You tease!
(but she sets the veil on her head again, continuing:)

Where's a mirror?

(Armand takes the veil off Prudence's head and carries it round to Marguerite and puts it on her head)

Armand (half in fun, but with an undercurrent meaning)

I think this would suit you better than Prudence...
Put it on --

Margueritte

No, Armand - Nichette wants her veil back. Give it to her.

Armand

Be still!

(he holds the veil about her face, and looks down at her)

Marguerite (as if hurt, rising)

No! Don't Armand --

(but for an instant she wears the veil)

Prudence

What a love she looks!

Armand

Doesn't she?

Marguerite (struggling away from him - taking the veil off)

Sit down - and fill the glasses again -

(she goes round the table and puts the veil on Nichette's head, while Armand fills all the glasses from a bottle standing on the table)

There --

(then abruptly)

Are there any more flats like yours where you live?

CONTINUED:

Armand looks at her startled.

Nichette

Yes; there is one. Do you know someone who'd like it?

Marguerite

Perhaps.

Gaston

And now, once more, long life and happiness.

All (repeating)

Long life and happiness!

DISSOLVE TO:

130

THE SAME SCENE - VERY MUCH LATER IN THE DAY
Only Prudence and Marguerite remain at the table, their glasses in front of them. In the b.g., workmen are taking away the altar and decorations. Prudence wears her cloak and hat.

Prudence

I suppose this means that you think you're through with the past?

Marguerite

Yes.

Prudence

Well, think what you please, my girl. But I'm here to tell you no one is ever through with the past. The same eyes which liked pretty things then are still in your head. You're still yourself and you'll go on being yourself until you're laid in the ground.

Marguerite

You're wrong. I'm not myself any longer. At least, I'm not the same person I was a year ago, or three months ago or even yesterday, and I shall never be that person again.

Prudence laughs. Armand enters the shot.

Armand (showing a certain curiosity at seeing Prudence and Marguerite with their heads together)

The carriage has been waiting half an hour, and Gaston has already got in and gone to sleep.

Prudence

I'm coming! I'm coming!

(she starts to rise, then sits down again)

No, I want a word more with Marguerite.

Marguerite says nothing. Armand looks at Marguerite expectantly, but as she does not speak, he feels himself dismissed.

Armand

Very well.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED (2)

He turns and goes. Prudence waits until he is out of earshot; then lowering her voice, speaks with a significant inflection.

Prudence

You know, of course, the Baron is living near here?

Marguerite

Yes.

Prudence (plaintively, out of the pause which follows)

I don't say all this isn't very pretty and very nice, but I've lived a long while and I've found the only steady thing in this world is money - real money. That doesn't change or get tired of you, or make a fool of you... And the man doesn't live you can say that of.

Marguerite

I wonder if you're right...

Prudence

Right? Just wait and see!

(rising)

We'll have to drive late into the night, but I'll sleep most of the way...wine.

As she rises slowly, we follow Prudence and Marguerite into the courtyard where Gaston is waiting with Armand.

Gaston

All the same, it's a pity that they gave the appointment to someone else.

Armand (briefly)

I wouldn't have accepted it.

Gaston

Oh, come now. One doesn't study for years and pull every string to get into the diplomatic service and then refuse a career when it's offered -

Armand (seeing Marguerite and Prudence)

Ssh.

Gaston follows his glance and see that Marguerite and Prudence are coming toward them.

Gaston

(changing the subject instantly)

Ready at last? Come along then.

He takes Prudence by the arm.

Prudence

Don't hurry me. Wine used to go to my head and make me gay, but now it goes to my legs and makes me old.

DISSOLVE TO:

It is moonlight. Armand and Marguerite stroll arm-in-arm up a hill.

Armand
(presently; trying to keep the suspicion out of his voice)
What did you and Prudence have your heads together about so long?

Marguerite (teasingly)
I won't tell you -- yet!

Armand (bitterly)
Of course she thinks you're a fool -- to waste yourself on me. Perhaps you are...

Marguerite (also suspiciously)
You might tell me what Gaston meant when he spoke of some appointment you'd lost.

Armand
(with a certain reserve)
Oh, it was nothing. Some chap was given a post by the Foreign Office that Gaston seemed to think I might have wanted.

Marguerite
Are you sure you didn't?

Armand
Quite sure. It would have meant leaving France.
(there is, however, a little note of discontent in his voice which makes Marguerite look at him closely as he continues)
Shall we go back?

Marguerite
We might go to the top of the hill.

Armand (drily)
And look at the Baron's chateau?

Marguerite
(stopping, and taking his face in her hands, scolding him gently:)
Are you going to spoil a night like this after a day like this -- by being jealous?

Armand
Of course not... Only I always know he's there.

Marguerite (with a laugh)
And I'm always here.
(then with a little shudder, leaning closer to him; very lovingly)
Don't ever leave me!

CONTINUED:

Armand

I never will -- but you -- I can't bear our summer to end, Marguerite!

Marguerite

Nor I!

Armand

Could you go on living like this -- ?

Marguerite

I couldn't live any other way now.

Armand

Listen, I've written my father and asked him to turn my money over to me --

Marguerite

But why?

Armand

So I can make plans for our future. And you won't have to live in two rooms -- up five flights -- like Nichette, either -- you can have a little house and a garden, too, of your own --

Marguerite (quietly)

But your father doesn't have to give you this money, unless he wishes, does he?

Armand

I don't know. I'm not sure...But I'm going to Paris tomorrow to find out.

Marguerite

From whom?

Armand

The lawyer who made my grandfather's will....

She laughs suddenly.

Marguerite

Do you know what I asked Prudence to do for me tomorrow?

Armand

No. What?

Marguerite (gleefully)

Sell everything -- and pay everything -- so I could take a flat like Nichette's with what I have left --

Armand (deeply moved)

Really? You'd really give up everything for me?

Marguerite

Everything on earth, long-face -- everything!

CONTINUED:

Marguerite (cont'd)

(she stops, and taking his chin in her hand, kisses him suddenly and adds, gleefully)

There! Never be jealous again! Never doubt I love you more than the whole world -- than myself -- than my life!

Armand (abruptly)

Then marry me.

Marguerite (with a startled look as though he had spoken of murder)

What?

Armand

I married you today. Every word the priest said was meant for us, and in my heart I made all the vows - to you.

Marguerite

And I to you!

Armand

Then --?

Marguerite (almost shocked; softly)

Oh, no...no. It's not fitting. Love me; let me love you; let me live for you - but don't let me ask more of heaven than that. God might get angry.

DISSOLVE TO:

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MARGUERITE'S GARDEN

The following morning. Marguerite, in high spirits, has a hammer in her hand which she taps against a scythe held by Jacques. Therese rings a bell. They all have black veils over their hats, and gloves tied over their sleeves. Nanine, elaborately protected, shouts through the noise.

Nanine

Why does anybody want to keep bees anyhow, if they're so fickle? If they want to fly away, let 'em fly away!

Therese

They will fly away when they get the swarming fever, unless we make so much noise they'll stop and settle down again.

Marguerite (not paying any attention

to her and peering into the distance)

They're beginning to settle on that tree there -- Look!

(she points to a bough in the distance)

Therese

Be ready to shake them off the bough into the new hive, Jacques.

CONTINUED:

Nanine (still scolding and shouting
to no one in particular)
Every time I take a mouthful of honey again, I'll
think what a lot of loons we looked -- going on like
this.

Marguerite (pointing into distance)
Now make as much noise as you can while some are
still in the air --

Nanine
And for myself, I never did like honey.

Marguerite
All together, now... Ring the bell, Therese! And
don't stop tapping the scythe, Nanine.

Nanine
I'll stop the minute one gets near me.

Marguerite
Ready -- go!
(the noise begins)
Who knows the bee song --?

Everybody begins to sing.

Jacques (above the song)
They're settling ----

Marguerite and the others sing while Nanine
beats the scythe. The song ends in hilarious
laughter as Marguerite runs about spanking Na-
nine and Therese, on the lines: "There and
there and there" - "I'll show you where!"

CUT TO:

133

THE COURTYARD

Duval, Sr., drives in, in a carriage, gets out
and knocks at the door. But the noise is so
great no one hears him.

CUT TO:

134

THE GARDEN - GROUP SHOT

Duval appears from the courtyard. Marguerite
begins singing. The others join in merrily.
Suddenly she stops, seeing Duval, Sr., some
distance away. Again she holds up her hand.
The din ceases.

Marguerite (going towards Duval,
easily, taking off her veil)
Please don't think us mad, Monsieur... Did you
want to see someone?

CONTINUED:

Duval
Mademoiselle Gautier?

Marguerite
Yes...?

Duval (stiffly)
I was told at the inn that I'd find my son here.

Marguerite
Your son?

Duval
Armand Duval.

Marguerite (incredulously)
Your son...
then, understanding that he is Armand's
father)

Oh!

(she makes a quick, childlike curtsey;
then speaks with frightened timidity)
Yes. M. Armand Duval is often here, but he is in
Paris today. May I ask you to come in, Monsieur?
(he follows her into the house)
Won't you sit down?

Duval
(with stiff, old-fashioned courtesy in
a manner which tells us she is not so bad
as he expected, indicating another chair)
You, too, Madame.

She sits, uneasily; obviously frightened;
waiting for him to speak; trying to smile;
trying to be brave.

Duval (gravely)
Perhaps it's just as well he isn't here. We can
talk more frankly.
(then as she says nothing, he continues,
studying her with a sharp look)
So you're the woman the boy has fallen in love with.

Marguerite
Yes, Monsieur. Of course you don't think me worthy
of him. And you are right. I'm not.

She smiles a little, but his grave expression
does not alter. Presently he speaks slowly,
deliberately.

Duval
Worthy or not, his infatuation has reached a point
where he's willing to ruin himself for you. And
you're willing to help him.

Marguerite
I don't understand.

CONTINUED:

Duval

He has only a very modest fortune, which he wants to take out of my hands to spend on you.

Marguerite

I hope you don't let him have it.

Duval (astonished)

But you have the reputation of being a spendthrift.

Marguerite (smiling)

One changes.

(then seriously)

In any case, Armand's income is sufficient for his needs.

Duval (with increasing amazement)

Sufficient for his, certainly; but what about yours?

(searchingly)

You must live on something.

Marguerite (after an instant)

You force me to be frank. Only yesterday I ordered everything I have, sold in order to raise a sum which will pay my debts and leave me enough to live on, if I'm thrifty.

Duval

You, thrifty?

Marguerite (drily)

A few years ago I lived on bread and soup. I shall manage very well without taking anything from Armand.

Duval (sharply, with growing force)

Please don't try to make it more difficult for me to say what I came to say -- that this affair must end at once.

Marguerite (sharply)

You might as well save your breath, Monsieur!

Duval (in a kind, reasonable tone)

How long have you known Armand, Madame?

Marguerite

Three months and twelve days; Monsieur.

Duval (smiling a little; derisively)

Three months and twelve days! And now you're trying to make yourself believe it'll last forever, I suppose?

Marguerite

Have you never known love to last, Monsieur?

Duval (steadily)

Not when it was unsanctified by marriage, or unblessed by children and social ties.

CONTINUED:

Marguerite (as steadily)
I shall love Armand always and I believe he will
love me always.

Duval
Always?

Marguerite
Always.

Duval
(with a show of exasperation
then more gently)
Don't you know from your own experience that the
human heart cannot be trusted?

Marguerite
I know my own heart better than you can know it,
Monsieur. And I know I can trust it not to change.

Duval
(still impatiently)
Well then, suppose you're not deceiving yourself!
How do you know that Armand won't get tired of you?

Marguerite
(with less conviction; but bravely)
One feels -- one believes -- one hopes...

Duval
I can't keep you from making sacrifices, but I
must point out that Armand has no right to accept
them. While you're still young you should be free
to attract someone who could and would provide for
your old age. No woman, unprotected as you are,
can afford to give her best years to a man who,
when he leaves her, will leave her with nothing,
and who is certain to leave her in the end.

Marguerite
Don't you suppose I have said all this to myself
from the very beginning! Only I was ashamed of
such thoughts! But I suppose you cannot under-
stand how any woman, unprotected as you say I am,
can be lifted above self-interest by a sentiment
so delicate, so pure, that she can only feel hum-
iliations when you speak of such things.

Duval
(amazed at the reproof in her
words; with respect)
I was only speaking as a man who knows the world.

Marguerite
And as a woman who knows the gutter spoke yesterday!

CONTINUED:

Marguerite (cont'd)

But such worldly wisdom is beneath me, and I say that with all the respect I owe Armand's father.

Duval

(after an instant)

Forgive me, Madame, if I've used arguments which seem ignoble.

(then he continues with a change of tactics)

I did not realize either the force or the nature of your attachment to my son, and I apologize for appealing to your self-interest instead of your love for him; for now I realize that you do love him unselfishly, and would do anything you were convinced was for his good.

Marguerite

(giving him a sharp look; accusingly but almost laughing at the idea)

You're going to try to make me believe I should give him up -- for his good!

Duval

Of course.

Marguerite

No, no!

Duval

(quietly)

Let us not misunderstand each other again. I was angry with Armand when I came here, because of his ingratitude, his indifference, and his cruelty.

Marguerite

(incredulously; almost smiling)

Armand cruel --?

Duval

He used to write to his mother at least once a week. This summer she might have died without his knowing or caring.

Marguerite

Don't say that, Monsieur.

CONTINUED:

Duval

And now though I am no longer angry -- though I understand his feeling for you, better perhaps than you can realize, I still say it cannot go on -- that it must stop!

Marguerite

And I say -- it will go on!

Duval

(forcefully)

Armand is a young man with his way to make, Madame; with a career waiting for him. And whether you realize it or not, it is a fatal thing for a young man to be tied to a woman he cannot present to his family and his friends.

Marguerite

(defensively)

Armand is no different from other men.

Duval

Isn't he? Haven't you found him different? Come, be honest, Madame. Isn't he more sensitive, more loyal, more brave? Or am I prejudiced because I am his father?

Marguerite

No, no, he is different!

Duval

Other men have love affairs and manage them discreetly. But as long as Armand loves you, he'll not enter rooms which you can't. And that means that he must give up all the associations which have been his from birth.

Marguerite

(with some bitterness)

He can go back. A man can always go back -

Duval

He cannot always go back to his career.

(then explaining)

The foreign office doesn't find appointments for young men who haven't managed their private lives with discretion.

Marguerite

A career is not everything, Monsieur.

Duval

No, it's only a man's last love. His heart belongs to his family first, then he gives it to some woman; then if he is worth his salt, he puts it into the work by which he is to stand or fall.

CONTINUED:

Marguerite

(desperately, her tears coming)

Monsieur -- suppose I told you that I have the feeling I shall not live very long?

Duval (indulgently)

I should scold you for being fanciful and a little foolish..What you feel is probably the melancholy of happiness -- that mood that comes to all of us when we realize that even love cannot remain at flood-tide, forever.

Marguerite (somerberly)

Without him I am doomed.

Duval

With him, you are both doomed...I'm going to make you face some hard truths, my child, but knowing I'm right steadies me...This great love, which you will each keep as a precious memory if you separate now, can have, if you persist in staying together, no fruit but disillusionment and despair....First your good resolutions will go...then your money -- and what do you expect him to do then? Bear poverty with a good grace? Or try to improve your fortunes by gambling and borrowing..? Without a profession of any sort what else can he do? Perhaps you want him to drive a public coach? That's honourable enough -- but hardly what I'd hoped for, for my son. But I see no alternative, unless he's willing to let some other man foot the bills for his life with you.

Marguerite (almost angry)

You don't know Armand -- or you could not say such things!

Duval

How do I -- or you -- or he, himself know the man he might become, if he lost his self-respect? I think that's too high a price to pay even for love. I want Armand to enjoy life; not be sacrificed to it. -- You see, my son is as dear to me as he can possibly be to you.

Marguerite

You have others who are dear to you too. I have only Armand...And --

(walking away)

Duval

Don't think I'm not sorry for you --

Marguerite

If I give Armand up he will need your pity more than I do.

CONTINUED:

Duval

(forcefully)

He needs it now. And yours, too. Pity him, Madame, because he loves you. Think what's best for him; think what you would want for him, if he were your son. And then think how you are killing his right to a normal life; try to realize that everything you're ashamed of in your own past will taint his future, as a stream which is not pure corrupts the stream into which it flows. You say you love him; and I believe you. That is why I can stand here -- a man who's getting old -- and ask this great sacrifice of you; as humbly as I'd ask a great favour of a queen. There's nothing I can give you in return... except my thanks and my respect... Give him up. Give him up.

Marguerite

(despairingly)

Tell me what you want me to do! Tell me how to make him leave me!

Duval

(with sudden hope)

Talk to him -- make him understand why --

Marguerite

I have talked -- and talked -- if you only knew...

Duval

Leave him.

Marguerite

He would follow me!

Duval

Ask him not to.

Marguerite

He would disobey me!

Duval

Tell him you don't love him.

Marguerite

He would not believe me! No --

(after an instant, with a curious smile)
-- I know of only one way, but I shall not tell you what it is.

(then to herself, despairingly)
I knew I was too happy!

Duval (uneasily)

What are you going to do -- ?

CONTINUED:

Marguerite (with a strange look)
Don't let yourself think of that... But go back to the Inn. I will send him to you tonight.

Duval (shaken a little)
What can I ever do to repay you for all you are doing for me.

Marguerite
Make no mistake, Monsieur. Whatever I do -- nothing is for you. It is all for Armand...

Duval
I thank you, just the same. And shall never forget what I -- and my family -- owe you.

Marguerite
Goodbye, Monsieur... Never reproach yourself -- no matter how things go for a while. You've done only what Armand's father should have done -- only don't let him know it -- he might hate you. And I don't want that to happen because he will need all the courage and comfort you can give him -- for a long time, I think.

Duval
(he takes her hand, and lifts it to his lips)
God bless you, Marguerite Gautier.

Then suddenly drawing her to him, he kisses her on the brow, and then turns and goes, leaving her crying brokenly.

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THE SALON - EVENING

Lamps and candles are lighted. Marguerite in a superb evening dress, her hair dressed with diamonds, and diamonds on her wrists and at her throat, sits at the desk, between two candelabra, writing. Then she reads what she has written.

We read:

"My dearest -- "

She tears up the letter and begins another.

"Long-face -- "

This too she tears up. Then moving relentlessly about, she picks up the copy of "Manon Lescaut". It opens at a page, which she reads,

still standing. Then picking up her pen again, she marks the paragraph, reading:

"I swear to you, my dear sir, that you are the idol of my heart, and that you are the only one in the world I could love the way I love you; but don't you see, my poor dear heart, that in the situation to which we are reduced, fidelity is a foolish virtue? Do you think one can really be tender when he doesn't have bread?"

As she finishes she looks up suddenly, still holding the book. Armand enters.

Armand (happily)

Hullo -- I'm back --

Marguerite

(commanding a casual manner, and putting the book on the table)

Hullo. I didn't hear you drive up.

(she leans her cheek to him to be kissed. He holds her off, and looks at her in surprise)

Armand

Why are you all dressed up?

(teasingly)

You're not going to a ball, are you?

Marguerite

(petulantly)

No. But I wish I were... You don't know of any balls I might be asked to, do you?

Armand

(shortly)

If you're serious, I brought you an invitation --

Marguerite

Really?

Armand

(frowning)

Yes, from your friend, Olympe. A new gambling club is opening next month, and Olympe suggests we go together.

Marguerite

(jealously)

Where did you see Olympe?

Armand

She dropped in while I was talking to Prudence, in her shop, about your affairs.

CONTINUED:

Marguerite

I didn't ask you to talk to Prudence about my affairs. And I did ask her not to discuss them with you!

Armand

Marguerite! You're angry. Do you realize we're almost quarrelling?

Marguerite

Oh, well --

(shrugging)

Everybody quarrels. It keeps people from being bored.

Armand

(sharply)

Something has happened. What was it. I want the truth.

Marguerite

The truth? Well -- this morning the bees left the hive and we had to bring them back... this afternoon I washed my hair... Those are the two exciting events of my day.

Armand

The first time I leave you, you change completely.

(sadly)

I come back to you happy -- with good news --

Marguerite

(cynically)

What do you call good news? Have you been left a large fortune?

Armand

No, Marguerite, but I found out I could do as I please with my small one.

Marguerite

(sharply, impatiently, appearing bad-tempered)

You'd better not touch it. You'd be rich for a month and then have nothing.

Armand

(with a laugh)

If that's what you're afraid of, you needn't worry. We've something better to do with this money, than play at being rich -- even for a month.

(triumphantly)

Nichette and Gustave are already looking for a house for us.

CONTINUED:

Marguerite is affected, but walks away in order not to show it. Then she turns and speaks with the same impatient derision she has shown before.

Marguerite
They're the sort who think two rooms wonderful -- three rooms a mansion -- and more than four rooms wicked.

(then she laughs unhappily. Then she catches sight of his face and goes to him quickly, speaking with a break in her voice)
What's the matter, Long-face?

Armand (sadly)
That's what I'm wondering.

Suddenly they are in each other's arms and he kisses her passionately. For an instant she clings to him.

Armand
Darling, darling! I had begun to think you didn't love me.

Marguerite
(assuming her role once more as she draws away)
Perhaps I don't, really!...

Armand
(trying to take a teasing tone)
Yet only last night you were ready to give up everything for me.

Marguerite (in a flat voice)
That was last night... People say things they don't mean, sometimes -- at night.

Armand
(as if he were sick)
Even you can't make me believe you didn't mean it, but... don't like you to have such thoughts, Marguerite...

Marguerite
(as if he hadn't spoken; harshly)
Life is something besides kisses and promises in the moonlight, even you should know that.

Armand
(dully)
Yes.....?

Marguerite
(quietly)
The heart has strange refuges... But wasn't one
summer all you wanted?

Armand
So you're going to leave me?

Marguerite
(recovering herself)
Yes ---

He takes her in his arms violently.

Armand
(looking into her face)
I could kill you for this!

Marguerite
(quietly; almost impassively)
I'm not worth killing, Armand.. and I have loved
-- as much as I could love.. If it wasn't enough -
(in a very low voice)
- I'm not to blame.. We don't make our own hearts.

Armand (releasing her; brokenly)
That's true. You're no more to blame because yours
can be faithful only a few weeks than I am because
mine will be faithful as long as I live.

Marguerite
(as if almost at the end of her rope)
Yes; that's how it is...

Armand
--That is as if one of us had died, Marguerite,
suddenly..or I had dreamed it.

Marguerite
Goodbye.

Armand
Where are you going?

Marguerite
The Baron de Varville is expecting me.. At last
I shall see what a great chateau is like inside.

Suddenly she goes, puts her arms around him.
kisses him passionately, and then turns and
walks from the room.

Armand (following her)
Marguerite!
(but she does not look back)

FOLLOW HER WITH CAMERA as she

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LONG SHOT OF MARGUERITE -

walks alone in the moonlight up the hill.
Again she pauses at the top for breath. Then,
in all her finery, she continues on her way.

DISSOLVE TO:

137-139

THE ENTRANCE HALL OF A GAMBLING CLUB -

People in evening-dress come and go.
Prudence and Gaston are on the stairs. Pru-
dence looks about.

Gaston

(with the air of a guide)

And this, Madame, is the newest and finest of all
the private gambling clubs in Paris. I hope you
are impressed.

Prudence

All I can say is -- it must be a pleasure to lose
one's money in such a handsome place...I wonder
who's here?

Gaston

Everybody...who has anything to lose, or nothing.
Am I dreaming? Or do I see Olympe decorated with
a flock of birds?

Prudence

No. She's real enough. But I hope those birds
aren't. They're bad luck.

They move to where Olympe is standing leaning
on the arm of an old gentleman with a red
ribbon across his breast.

Prudence

Good evening, General.

(to Olympe)

Hello, dear.

Olympe

Hullo.

Gaston & Charles

(speaking to the General first)

Good evening, Monsieur.

(more casually)

Hullo, Olympe.

CONTINUED:

General
(stiffly, bowing to them all)
Good evening.

Gaston
(putting his hand on Olympe's pocket)
Who'd like an omelet?

Olympe
(hitting his hand away)
Stop that, you bad thing!
(then assuming great dignity, as she
sees the General's frown; speaking as
to casual acquaintances)
You'll pardon us? The General wants to play...
So nice to have seen you.

They move away. But as they do so, Olympe
manages to give them a knowing, familiar wink
over her shoulder.

Prudence
(indignantly)
What I could say about that one --!

Gaston
(seeing Armand off stage)
What's Armand Duval doing back in Paris, I wonder?

Prudence
Trying to forget Marguerite Gautier, I should say.
But I'll find out.
(she moves to speak to Armand)

CUT TO:

-- standing with his back to the CAMERA near the orchestra. As the music stops, he beckons the orchestra leader to him.

Armand
(giving him some money)
Here's something for you. Play "The Invitation To The Waltz" next.

Leader
Thank you, Monsieur. At once, Monsieur.

Armand
Wait! Don't play it.

Leader
(offering the money back, stiffly)
As Monsieur wishes.

Armand
No, keep it ... and play it or not, as you like. It really doesn't matter.

As he turns away, Prudence is at his side tapping his arm with her fan. (Give her an entrance.

Prudence
Armand -- my dear boy!

Armand
(his manner distant and bitter, but slightly amused)
Hullo, Prudence.

Prudence (lameley)
You're looking well.

Armand, (mockingly with a bow)
I return the compliment.

Prudence (With more spirit)
I think I ought to warn you that Marguerite's coming tonight.

(then she adds, as he makes no answer)
With the Baron.

Armand
(coolly)
Well --?

CONTINUED:

Prudence (greatly relieved, yet somehow let down; philosophically)
Well, these things can't last forever. Your little adventure was costing Marguerite more than she could afford.

Armand (sharply)
It cost her nothing.

Prudence.
What a child you are! Who do you think furnished the money for Marguerite's debts before she left Paris -- and what do you think would have happened if she hadn't left you when her money ran out?

Armand (torturing himself)
And now --?

Prudence
The Baron has promised to put her affairs in perfect order.

Armand
Good!

Prudence (giving him a sharp look)
Then you really don't hold it against her --?

Armand
Why should I? The past is dead. Heaven rest its soul -- if it had one.

Prudence
Well -- you've a great deal more sense than I gave you credit for --

Gaston enters the shot.

Gaston
Hullo -

Armand
Hullo -

Gaston
When did you come back?
(but he stops abruptly, seeing his attention fixed on someone in the distance)

SHOT OF MARGUERITE AND DE VARVILLE -
descending the stairs as already shot.

CUT TO:

Armand (furiously)
I should like to teach that great gentleman
manners!

Prudence
'Ssh! Don't be foolish --! Ssh!

She assumes a smile and a welcoming attitude
as she steps forward and Marguerite and
deVarville enter the shot. Armand and Gaston
stand by, rigidly expectant.

Prudence (to Marguerite)
My dear! I'm so glad to see you. Good evening,
Baron.

de Varville (stiffly)
Good evening.
(then to Gaston, in the same stiff manner)
Good evening.

Gaston
Good evening, Baron.

Prudence (assuming a very genial
attitude, waving her hand towards Armand)
And you know each other -- M. Duval --?

de Varville
No.

He and Armand bow to each other, inclining
their heads very slightly.

Prudence (trying to make conversation
to Marguerite)
You're late.

Marguerite (trying to appear
composed)
We were at the theatre.

Prudence
What was the play?

de Varville (with an ironic smile)
Manon Lescaut.

Armand
Ah!
(with triumphant bitterness to Marguerite)
The story of a man who loves a woman more than his
honor -- and the woman who wanted luxury more than
his love! You should have found it very entertain-
ing.

CONTINUED:

She finds no answer, but looks away. The orchestra begins "The Invitation to The Waltz".

Prudence :

(hastily to cover the awkwardness of the situation)

Isn't that your tune, Marguerite?

Marguerite drops her fan. Armand picks it up quickly.

Armand

(as he returns it, with a formal bow)

You dropped your fan, Madame.

Marguerite

Thank you --

Armand

Any gentleman would do the same --

de Varville (sharply)

Monsieur!

Prudence

(trying to be tactful; as if the situation had no meaning for her)

Are you playing tonight, Baron?

de Varville

(relaxing a little; sullenly; turning to the others, ungraciously)

Yes. Where is the baccarat table.

Armand

Yes, Gaston - where is it?

Gaston (afraid of Armand's reckless mood)

Straight ahead --

Baron (contemptuously)

I play only for high stakes.

Armand

Good ... I'd like to make a fortune tonight --

(he leads the way towards the gambling table; Gaston follows)

de Varville

Come, Marguerite --

Marguerite (nervously)

Thank you. I do not want to play tonight!

CONTINUED:

141-142

CONTINUED (3)

de Varville
(sharply)
You can watch.

He turns and follows Armand and Gaston.

Marguerite
(in a low nervous voice, to Prudence
as they follow de Varville)
Armand's in no mood to know what he's doing
tonight.

Prudence
You needn't worry. He doesn't blame you at all.

Marguerite
That's not true.
(wanly)
His voice was too cold; and he's too pale.

They enter -

143

LONG SHOT OF GAMBLING TABLE

where the Baron, Armand and Gaston stand.
Olympe's General is the Banker. Olympe sits
at his left. Ten people sit around the
tables. Others stand back of them.

Voice of Croupier (announcing)
There is three hundred louis in the bank.

As the people are about to place their bets,
the Baron steps up to the table and stops
next to the General. Before any of the
players have an opportunity to announce the
amount of their bets, the Baron plays an
amount of money in front of Olympe and
exclaims:

Baron
Banco.

The General starts to deal the cards. The
Baron picks up the left tableau -- turns it
up.

Baron
Eight.
nine. (picks up the right tableau, announcing)

CONTINUED:

The General looks at his cards and shows a three. The General pushes away the shoe in the direction of the Croupier. He and Olympe rise.

Croupier's Voice

The next bank is going to be placed, Gentlemen, How much am I bet?

Before anyone has time to make a bid, de Varville announces,

De Varville

The bank is open. Any amount!

The Baron sits down as the Croupier gathers all the money that the Baron won and places it in front of himself. A new set of decks has been placed in the shoe. The shoe has been placed in front of the Baron. Armand has taken the place of Olympe. The Baron begins to deal. The Croupier picks up the cards and places them in front of numbers one and eleven. Armand bets.

Armand

Fifty louis, here on the left.

He counts out ten one hundred franc bills. Everyone, including the Baron, looks up at Armand in surprise. Several people throw their money toward the right or left.

Man on the Baron's Right

(making his bet)

Ten louis.

We hear the voices of people to whom the cards were dealt.

First Man

Four.

Second Man

Six.

Baron

(looking at his cards and putting them on the table face up)

Eight.

Croupier's Voice

The bank wins.

A Voice

Monsieur Le Baron wins.

The money is gathered by the croupier toward himself.

CUT TO:

She whispers to Gaston.

Marguerite
I can't watch any longer. Do something if you can,
before he's lost everything -- or they quarrel.

(DIALOGUE AT THIS POINT TO BE AMPLIFIED TO
COVER THE TIME LAPSE DURING WHICH ARMAND
HAS LOST FOUR TIMES)

Marguerite turns and hurries through a door
which stands open, as though not knowing
where she is going. Armand looks at her as
she leaves.

FOLLOW MARGUERITE WITH THE CAMERA into a
small deserted room where a fire is burning
in a fireplace. At the door she turns back,
and sees Armand watching her. The Baron is
speaking impatiently.

144B

VOICES OVER MARGUERITE'S RETREAT

Baron
(Heard from some distance and seen
with Marguerite's eyes - to Armand)
We're waiting for you, Monsieur Duval. Are you
still in?

Armand
(startled; looking away
from Marguerite)
Sorry -- One hundred louis.
(places his bet)

Marguerite closes the door, shutting out
the scene, and moves toward the fire.
She sinks down and holds out her hands
to its warmth. An old woman in the dress
of an attendant enters the shot from another
direction and stands near her.

Marguerite coughs.

Old Woman
Can I get Madame anything?

Marguerite (looking up)
Nothing, thank you ...

The old woman pokes the fire.

CONTINUED:

Old Woman

The nights are very cold now.

(she takes off the little black knitted shawl which she wears, and offers it to Marguerite, continuing:)

Would Madame care to put this on? It's quite clean --

Marguerite

You're very kind.

(she takes the shawl and wraps it about her shoulders)

Old Woman (lingering)

I'm afraid Madame isn't well, this evening.

Marguerite (smiling)

I'm afraid I'm not.

Old Woman

(scolding her a little)

Then Madame should have stayed at home.

Marguerite (with a shrug)

One can't always do as one likes.

Old Woman (gently)

There's always somebody whom one must please.

Marguerite speaks suddenly.

Marguerite

Wait.

Old Woman

(coming toward her)

Is there anything more Madame wishes?

Marguerite

Yes. I want you to take a message. Tell Monsieur Armand Duval that I must speak to him here at once.

Old Woman

How will I know the gentleman?

Marguerite

He is playing at the first table, and he is the youngest and the handsomest man there.

The old woman smiles sympathetically.

CONTINUED:

144B

CONTINUED (3)

Old Woman
I will find him, Madame.

She turns and goes. As she opens the door,
we hear excited voices from the big table.

144C

LONG SHOT

Voices
A thousand louis --! That's twenty thousand francs!
Congratulations! etc.
(we must not understand who is winning)

We see Armand and the Baron still at the
table in the distance.

144D

CLOSE SHOT OF THE TABLE

The Croupier is pushing a stack of notes
toward Armand

Olympe
(over Armand's shoulder)
Armand wins again. He drew nine three times.

Armand
(to the Baron, indicating
the money in front of him)
Let it stand.

Baron
(impassively)
Good. You owe me revenge.

Armand
Take it if you can. Only I warn you: "Lucky in
love, unlucky at cards".

de Varville
That also means: "Lucky at cards -- unlucky in
love".

Armand
We shall see.

De Varville deals.

The Man On The Right
(betting)
Ten louis.

CONTINUED:

144D

CONTINUED (2)

Everyone laughs at the size of the bet. People on the right throw coins down, to bet on Armand's side.

Gaston (bending over Armand)
You fool -- If you play again -- you may lose it all!

Armand (waving him away)
Once more.

De Varville deals, slowly, deliberately. The man on the right crosses his, showing he doesn't want to draw.

Armand
(throwing down his cards, face-up)
Eight!

The man at the Baron's right turns up his cards and announces:

Man on the Baron's Right
Six!

Everybody leans forward to see what De Varville has. After an instant's pause, he flings down two face cards.

The Crowd (with one breath)
Baccarat!

The Croupier starts to pay off the winners, and notices that he has not enough to cover the winnings.

Croupier
The bank is short, Monsieur le Baron.

The Baron takes some bills out of his pocket and hands them to the Croupier.

Olympe
Gracious! You've won a fortune, Armand.

A Girl (as de Varville continues to count out money to Armand)
I'm touching you for luck, Monsieur!

Prudence (on Armand's other side)
And to think Marguerite was so worried about you!

Armand looks at her startled. The old woman pushes forward and whispers something in his ear.

CUT TO:

Marguerite

(after an instant, steadily)

Yes; that is true. I'm a woman who is completely worthless...And no man should risk his life for me...For that reason alone I beg you, once more, to leave this place at once --

Armand

(coming closer to her; in a different voice)

I will. On one condition. That you come with me.

Marguerite

No.

Armand

I came back to Paris to tell you I despised you... And I do...But I love you too...Say you'll go with me - and we'll forget the past...We'll never look back...I've doubled my fortune tonight -- at his expense. And when it's gone I'll work -- I'll beg-- I'll borrow -- I'll steal --! But I must be with you. Always! Always!

He has taken her hands, but his words steady her, and she draws them away.

Marguerite

No...When you talk of such a future -- I realize that I was right in doing what I did. For the reason I did.

(then more gently, yearningly)

Do you really think we could ever be happy -- even if I were free to act as I choose?

Armand

You are free. We're both free --

Marguerite

No! I've given a solemn promise never to return to you.

Armand

To whom?

Marguerite

To one who had the right to ask.

Armand

(jealously, suspiciously)

The Baron de Varville?

CONTINUED:

Marguerite
(after an instant)

Yes.

Armand
Then you do love him? Dare to tell me you love
him -- and you're free of me forever --!

Marguerite
(tonelessly)
I love him.

Armand
(throwing her against the chair,
and rushing to the door which he
flings open, crying out excitedly)
Come in - come in here -- all of you --
(the playing at the table stops;
Olympe, Prudence, and Gaston appear
in the group of those who press into
the room)
You see this woman -- you know her?

Voices
Of course!
Mlle. Gautier --
Marguerite Gautier --!

Armand
Well -- listen to what I'm going to say --
all of you...I accepted her favours because
I thought she loved me...I let her make sa-
crifices for me when there were others who had
more to give...But bear witness - I owe her
nothing...! Nothing --
(he flings money at her, crying)
Take it! Buy camellias! Buy diamonds! Buy
horses and carriages! Buy moonlight -- buy a
grave!

Marguerite falls beside the chair. De
Varville thrusts himself forward, through
the silent crowd, and steps up to Armand.

Musical Number

CUT TO:

146A

OLYMPE'S BOX

She and Prudence applaud as the number ends.

Olympe
(scanning the audience)
Who's here we know...
(there is a knock on the door.
She is delighted)

Prudence
There's someone now --

Olympe
(as she rises)
Come in --

The door opens and Armand enters.

Olympe & Prudence
(speaking at the same time)
Armand!
Armand Duval!
Come in -- sit down --
When did you come back to Paris!

Armand
A week ago... Thanks ...

Olympe
Why hasn't anyone seen you?

Prudence
Where have you been anyhow -- ?

Armand
All sorts of places.

Prudence
Well, it's a good thing you didn't kill the
Baron and have to stay away for years instead
of months. Have you seen Marguerite?

Armand (his voice hard)
Marguerite... ?

Prudence
Oh, I'm sorry... I meant --
(Gaston enters abruptly)

CONTINUED:

Gaston
(as if continuing a conversation)
And how does Paris look to the traveller?

Armand
The same as it looked six months ago...Even the same girls are singing the same song on the same stage.

Prudence
And I've got on the same dress, alas!

Olympe
Stop hinting. Nobody's going to buy you a new one.

Gaston (tonelessly; to Armand)
Only Marguerite isn't here.

Armand
(as if he hadn't heard, looking about)
However, there are worse places....

Gaston (raising his voice)
I said; Marguerite isn't here.

Olympe
You needn't shout. We all heard you.

Gaston
(at Armand's averted face)
Did you know she's ill, Armand?

Olympe
Stop teasing Armand, Gaston. Can't you see he's not interested.

Gaston (as Armand turns at last;
directly to him)
Aren't you?

Armand
Not particularly.

Olympe
Why should he be? That's nothing new. Marguerite was always ill -- or pretending to be.

Gaston
(turning on her; calmly)
You really have a nasty tongue, haven't you?

Olympe
(getting furious; to Gaston)
If you're trying to insinuate I've not been a friend to Marguerite Gautier -- you just ask Prudence what I've done for her! Go on; ask her --

CONTINUED:

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SCRIPT FLY

Prudence

It's true; this angel has been buying Marguerite's things -- all her jewelry -- one piece after another.

Olympe (showing her arm)

Look --

(she also points to some rings and a necklace)

Armand (startled)

But why?

Olympe (hotly)

'Because she had to raise some money by selling them to somebody. Only the other day I bought this --!
(she indicates a bracelet)

Prudence (seizing her arm, and examining it professionally)

You couldn't have got it for five hundred at a jeweler's! How much - ?

Olympe (triumphantly)

Twenty louis! Am I smart?

Gaston (now that Olympe and Prudence have their heads together over the bracelet; to Armand, in a low voice)

Shall we walk round afterwards and ask how she is?

Armand (after an instant; also in a low tone, observing that Prudence and Olympe are now whispering over the bracelet)

I -- I couldn't...

There is a burst of music from the orchestra; the lights go down; the curtain rises; a girl sings a line of a song. The audience roars with laughter --

DISSOLVE TO:

147

MARGUERITE'S SALON

A clock is striking twelve. Two bailiffs, their hats on their heads, are playing cards. One sits on the couch, the other in a chair opposite. A few candles of the many in the candleabra are burning.

The first bailiff takes a trick, humming in a low voice; then he ponders intently on which card to play.

CONTINUED:

A door-bell rings. He doesn't notice.

2nd Bailiff

That's the third time that door-bell has rung.
Somebody ought to go.

1st Bailiff (looking at his cards;
stopping his humming to say)
I'm a bailiff; not a butler.

Nanine passes through the room, glancing at
them scornfully as she goes to open the door.
She walks as if she were very tired.

1st Bailiff (with a coarse laugh)
Nobody ever rings that bell any more but the
doctor and the priest... It must be one of them...
You've given yourself all the good cards.

CUT TO:

148-149

THE ENTRANCE HALL

Nanine opens the door and lets Gaston in.

Nanine
Monsieur!

Gaston (cheerfully)
Hullo, Nanine... How is she tonight?

Nanine (beginning to cry)
I don't know, Monsieur... The doctor tells me
nothing -- Forgive me -- but -- these are bad
times --

(the tears roll out of her eyes)

Gaston (patting her on the arm)
There must be something I can do --

Nanine
I'm afraid there's nothing anyone can do, but
watch and wait.

Gaston
Then I'll watch and wait while you get some sleep.

He puts his arm through hers, and leads her
into the sitting-room.

Gaston
(to the bailiff who sits on the sofa)
You'll have to get up, my man -- and get out of
here --

CONTINUED:

Bailliff (arrogantly)

We're here for the benefit of the creditors, by a court order -- to see nothing's taken out of this place; and here we're going to stay.

Gaston

There's a passage outside -- where you can wait instead. This room still belongs to Mademoiselle Gautier, you know.

2nd Bailliff

Our orders are --

Gaston

You can see that no one goes out the door with a piano in his pocket -- as well there as here...
(he brushes the cards off the table -- shoves it from in front of the couch, and continues all at once to the first bailliff:)

Get up --

(the bailliff rises. The second one also rises, and begins picking up the cards. Gaston continues to Nanine, gently)

Lie down.

(as she sits down he pats her shoulder, and adds gently)

I'll call you the minute she stirs....

CUT TO:

150

MARGUERITE'S BEDROOM

Marguerite lies asleep, but stirs restlessly as though dreaming. Gaston enters. He looks at her a moment. She laughs in her sleep and the laugh ends in a cough. After an instant, she speaks, smiling serenely.

Marguerite

(talking in her sleep, smiling serenely)
What are five flights of stairs, Armand?... One more and we will be home.... I am tired. Where are you, Armand?... Oh --

(beginning to whimper a little)

I've lost you -- I've lost you -- I must go back to find you. Where are you?... There --

The word ends in a little frightened sob. Then she turns her head, breathes deeply, and is silent. Gaston stands still an instant staring at her, then goes to the hearth, lays some twigs on the fire.

CONTINUED:

Suddenly he sees an empty purse on the table where a candelabra is burning. He picks it up, sees it is empty, puts some money into it, closes it and sits down by the fire and waits.

151

THE SPIRES OF NOTRE DAME - TOUCHED BY DAWN

CUT TO:

152-153

GASTON

looking from the window of Marguerite's bedroom. We hear a cough; then Marguerite's voice, very small and weak.

Marguerite's Voice

Is it morning?

Gaston (going towards her)

Yes, dear child --

Marguerite

Are there any letters -- ?

Gaston

It's too early for the postman.

Marguerite (sitting up)

Who are you -- ? Oh -- it's --

(recognizing him)

Gaston!

(she coughs, he pours some medicine into a small glass and gives it to her)

Gaston

You were to take this if you awakened --

Marguerite

But Nanine -- ? Where's Nanine?

Gaston

(as he shakes out her pillows)

Sleeping - the poor thing looked tired so I made her lie down and let me take her place, when I looked in after the theatre.

Marguerite

Dear Gaston... So you've been here all night. You should have some sleep yourself. Go home, now -- and don't worry about me anymore.

CONTINUED:

Gaston

I was thinking of taking you out for a drive --
or later on a bit of lunch --

Marguerite

You still know how to make me laugh. But not today,
my dear... Another time.

Gaston

Another time, then.

Marguerite

How kind you are! I always thought you such a gay
fellow -- without a thought for anything but
pleasure... Forgive me.

Gaston

But you were right. Tell me -- how do you feel
after such a good sleep?

Marguerite

Better. Better in spirit -- but --
(she coughs, and continues wryly)
-- still bad in body.

Gaston (still holding the cup)

Drink this -- it'll do you good.

Marguerite (taking the cup)

Only one thing can do me any good, now, Gaston...
Armand's return.

Gaston (repeating awkwardly)

Armand's return... ?

Marguerite

Yes; that's what I'm waiting for. That's why I
still live -- because I know he will come back,
someday. Won't he?

Gaston (vehemently)

Of course he will. He couldn't come back to Paris
without coming straight to you.

Marguerite

If only he doesn't come too late!

Gaston

(forcefully, trying to hide his emotion)
Drink that!

Marguerite (almost gay)

You're right.

(she drinks, then hands the cup to him
making a wry face, as she continues:)

CONTINUED:

Marguerite (cont'd)

I'm already better... I've been so afraid of dying, sometimes, Gaston... If you only knew what despair -- what regrets --

(she covers her face with her hands;
then looks up again quickly)

But this morning I feel hopeful again... You always made people gay about you. You've made me laugh -- Yes, I'm better. Open the shutters wide, and let the sun come in.

The door opens very softly, and Nanine sticks her head in.

Gaston

It's all right; she's awake, Nanine.

Marguerite

My poor Nanine! So you were tired last night?

Nanine

A little, Madame...

(then, with a burst of bad temper,
standing just inside the doorway)

That Madame Duvernoy's here -- on her way home from some party --

Gaston

I'll send her away --

(but as he goes towards the door,
she enters)

Prudence

(to Gaston, shaking her finger at him)

So this is why you ran away from us! You naughty boy -- !

(she bustles past him; speaking to
Marguerite)

Hullo, my child. I expected to find you dying and you're looking better than I've seen you for months.

(she comes over and bends down and plants
a kiss on each of Marguerite's cheeks)

How are you anyhow?

Marguerite

Much better, this morning.

Prudence

You certainly look much better than I feel. Heavens, such worries as I've had this week! I couldn't by any chance borrow some money from you, could I?

Nanine (sharply)

If you don't know how little money there is in this house you should!

(she goes out of the room as if to keep
from losing her temper)

CONTINUED:

Prudence

(not choosing to notice; continuing bluntly)

Well, I've simply got to get two hundred francs somewhere. I didn't really intend to ask you for it; in fact I didn't intend popping in like this at all, but as I passed your door, on my way home, I remembered you still owed me some.

Marguerite (wearily)

I didn't know that.

Prudence (aggressively)

I could show it to you on my ledger.

Marguerite

You'll find my purse somewhere. If you open it you'll see that I have only a few francs in the world.

Prudence sees the purse.

Prudence

Here it is... but it's full. Why -- here are fifty louis -- a thousand francs!

Marguerite (lifting her head)

A thousand francs! I don't know where they came from. Unless --

(to Gaston; accusingly, affectionately)

You put them there!

Gaston

Whoever put them there -- they certainly weren't meant for Prudence!

Prudence (sharply)

All the same I shall help myself.

(we see Prudence take three hundred francs instead of two hundred)

Thank you so much, my dear. I'll run in and see you again soon.

Marguerite (ironically)

Do. Goodbye, Prudence.

Prudence (from the doorway)

Oh, yes, I suppose you know that Armand Duval is back in Paris.

Gaston tries in vain to signal her to hush.

Marguerite

Armand?

(unbelievably)

-- back in Paris? How long has he been here?

CONTINUED:

Prudence

More than a week, I gathered. Gaston told him you were ill, but I must say, he didn't seem greatly interested. Men are funny. Goodbye, dear. Goodbye, Gaston.

Marguerite stares after her. The door closes. Marguerite begins to cry; then with an effort she speaks again.

Marguerite

Thank you for filling my purse, Gaston.

Gaston

It was nothing --

Marguerite

And Gaston --

Gaston

Yes?

Marguerite

Do you want to do me one more favour?

Gaston

Of course. What else am I good for?

Marguerite

Send for the priest.

She falls back spent on the pillows, and her eyes close.

DISSOLVE TO:

154

THE SITTING ROOM

Nichette, a baby in her arms, sits in a chair soothing and hushing it as it cries fretfully in the silence.

Gustave walks the floor. Gaston stands by the fireplace in which there is no fire.

Nanine stands, her fingers playing nervously on the back of a chair, her head bent as if in prayer.

The doorbell rings.

Nanine (with relief)

That's the doctor now --

CUT TO:

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Nanine hurries past the bailiffs who sit sullenly in their stiff chairs against the wall, and opens the door.

Armand enters -- in evening dress.

Armand

Nanine! Where is she? Let me see her -- Make her see me --

Nanine lays a hand on his arm, almost unable to speak.

Nanine

Oh, my dear boy -- if you only knew how happy -- how happy --

She breaks off and turns, hearing the little bell which the Sacristan rings. Armand follows her eyes, jerks his hat from his head. The bailiffs get to their feet, take off their hats and bow their heads. We see the Sacristan, ringing his bell, approach, followed by the priest and the choir-boy with the crucifix.

Nanine opens the door.

The procession passes out and Nanine closes the door.

Armand (in agony)

Nanine -- it's not too late --?

Nanine (crying)

No -- no -- let us hope not -- Let us hope you'll make her well again -- if it please heaven -- Wait, while I prepare her! Or her poor heart might stop for joy --

CUT TO:

156

156-A

157

MARGUERITE'S ROOM

She lies motionless; peaceful; resigned; but two tears are on her cheek. Nanine enters in great excitement.

Nanine

(her voice trembling)

Madame --

(she comes closer, crying)

CONTINUED:

156
156-A
157

CONTINUED (2)

148

Marguerite (gently)

Poor Nanine, dear Nanine; but don't cry....You see I'm not crying. Dying is not so hard....I am ready.....Don't be sad.

Nanine

Oh, Madame -- it's not that! It's because -- because --

Marguerite

(startled, frightened)

You're smiling! You're happy! What's happened?
(terribly excited)

What is it --?

Nanine

Be calm -- promise to be calm -- joy can be too much to bear, sometimes.

Marguerite

Joy!

(almost beside herself)

What are you trying to tell me? Is - is it Armand?

Nanine nods, unable to speak.

Marguerite

(putting out her hands)

He's here!

Again Nanine nods, kissing Marguerite's hand. Marguerite falls back, sobbing.

Marguerite

No, no! It's not true! Even God couldn't be so good!

Nanine

Yes, yes; he's here -- waiting -- I'll send him in.

Marguerite

(wild, exultantly)

No, no, wait! He must not see me like this! Help me to the mirror -- bring me something to put on --

Nanine helps her to the mirror, although protesting.

Nanine

You should stay in bed -- what would the doctor say --

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CONTINUED (3)

Marguerite
(as Nanine puts a dressing gown
about her)
He'd see I'm well again! Give me some rouge --
brush my hair --

Armand opens the door at the other end
of the room; she sees his face in the
mirror, turns, and walks towards him.

Marguerite
Armand!

Unable to speak he goes to meet her,
and catches her in his arms.

Marguerite
(almost sobbing)
Oh, it is you -- it's not a dream, is it?

Armand
No, no, it's not a dream! I'm here -- with you
in my arms again -- at last.

Marguerite
(echoing his words, joyfully)
At last!

Armand
I've been down there in the street -- half the
night -- walking back and forth under your
window just as I used to do when I first knew
you -- wanting to come up -- and not daring to.
(then he explains, in answer to
her look of surprise)
I felt so guilty -- I didn't know how ill you
were -- I've been everywhere trying to forget
how much I loved you, and when I came back --
a week ago -- I was still determined to forget
you. Forget you -- oh! As if I could! Forgive
me, forgive me!

Marguerite
Forgive you, my dear? It was my fault...I was
I who hurt you. But I thought it was for your
good. Then when I saw you again -- so reckless,
so desperate, I knew I had been wrong....Forgive
me, forgive me!

Armand
And to think that I couldn't see into this heart
I knew so well -- and see that it was sacrificing
itself for me. But no good can come to either of
us without the other. I know that now...

CONTINUED:

Marguerite
(almost hysterically)

I know it, too, now.. And nothing shall ever
separate us again, will it?

Armand
Nothing, nothing! The future is ours!

Marguerite
- Forgive me for not being pretty anymore. I saw
myself just now in the mirror - so pale -- so
drawn..! And I'd like to be so beautiful for you
today -- so beautiful --

Armand
You are! You are!

Marguerite
No, no -- I'm not the Marguerite you used to know.
But I'm still young. And I'll be beautiful again -
you'll see. Because I'll be happy again!

Armand
Let me look at you! Yes, you are pale--
(he touches her face with his
finger, lovingly)
--but I'm almost glad I found you so ill -- and
alone -- or I might not have dared come back.
I might still have hated you. Nichette and Gustave
have told me what your life has been since I went
away -- and I'm not sorry -- because it's proved
you love me --
(he stops abruptly)

Marguerite
Oh, talk, talk! Your words give me back my
strength. I've said over and over that I would
live -- if you came back. And I ~~hoped~~ and hoped --
until this morning... Then -- when I thought you'd
never come -- I asked for a priest.

Armand
My precious --!

Marguerite
His good words purified me and gave me peace. But
they purified me for life -- not death!... Tell
me again you love me!

Armand
I love you. My whole life belongs to you -- and as
soon as you're strong enough, I'll take you away
from here. I'll take you to far away beautiful
places where the sun will help me take care of you
-- and where there are no unhappy memories for
either of us.

CONTINUED:

Marguerite

Take me to the country -- where we were happy all
one summer. Take me today! Where's Nanine --
call Nanine -- I must dress --

Armand

Nanine --!

Nanine enters from the dressing room,
wiping the tears from her eyes.

Nanine

I'm here, Monsieur --

Marguerite

(leaving Armand's arms, to go towards
Nanine, and putting an arm about
her shoulder)

It was she who comforted me every morning, when
there was no letter from you, and promised there'd
be one the next... She always said you'd come back.

Armand

Dear Nanine -- thank you....And thank you for
taking such good care of her, for me.

Marguerite

(drawing away from Nanine, in a
practical voice)

Now, get me what I need. We're going to the
country --

Nanine (amazed)

To the country -- today --?

Marguerite

Yes --

(with a laugh)

To the place where you had to fetch water from the
well -- and where you couldn't sleep for the birds
and chickens --

(she laughs, and begins to cough. She
steadies herself quickly by catching
at the back of a chair)

Armand (alarmed)

Marguerite! What's the matter?

Marguerite

(managing to stop coughing)

Nothing -- nothing ...

(putting her hand over her heart,
smiling)

My heart is trying to dance -- because you've come
back... And it's been so sad it doesn't know how...
That's all. Get out my clothes, Nanine...

CONTINUED:

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Marguerite (continued)

I'll want my warmest cloak -- don't stand there, staring at me, like that -- when I tell you I want to dress -- go!

(then suddenly she reels, and falls on the couch, crying out angrily, in terror)
Oh, I can't! I can't!

Armand (at her side)

The doctor! Get the doctor, Nanine -- quick --!

Marguerite

Yes, yes -- tell him I want to live now -- that I must live --!

(Nanine hurries out; Marguerite continues painfully. To Armand)

But if you can't make me live -- how can he?

Armand

Be quiet -- don't try to talk -- let me talk -- to you --

Marguerite

(as he stops; trying to smile)

My heart -- it still dances ... for love ... I lived for love -- now I'm dying from it --

Armand

No, no, you'll live -- you must live!

Marguerite

(in a different voice)

Perhaps it's better if I don't ... God may know it's better, this way.

Armand

Don't talk like that -- as if you were going to die! Tell me you don't believe it -- that it can't happen-
(he can't go on)

Marguerite

What? Must I be the one to give you courage? Listen, Armand, if I were worthy of your love I should be weeping because our future would be so bright I could not bear to leave it. But my past has given me no right to such happiness. I know that; and it is better to live only in your heart where the world can't see me and make you suffer for loving such a bad foolish creature. If I am dead, there will be no stain on our love. Yes, all that God does is well done.

Armand

No -- no -- don't leave me -- Marguerite -- don't leave me!

CONTINUED:

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The others enter the room.

Marguerite (to Armand)
Closer - don't go so far away ... I can hardly hear
your voice

(she sees the others)
Nichette, my dear ... Gaston ... Gustave -- such
good friends ... I'm a lucky woman. How happy
I am! How happy --!

(she smiles! Her head falls forward)

Armand (weeping)
Marguerite! Come back --

Nichette
(going and bending over her, and drawing
the shawl over her eyes)
Sleep in peace, my darling. The dear God forgives
all because He understands all.

FADE OUT:

THE END..